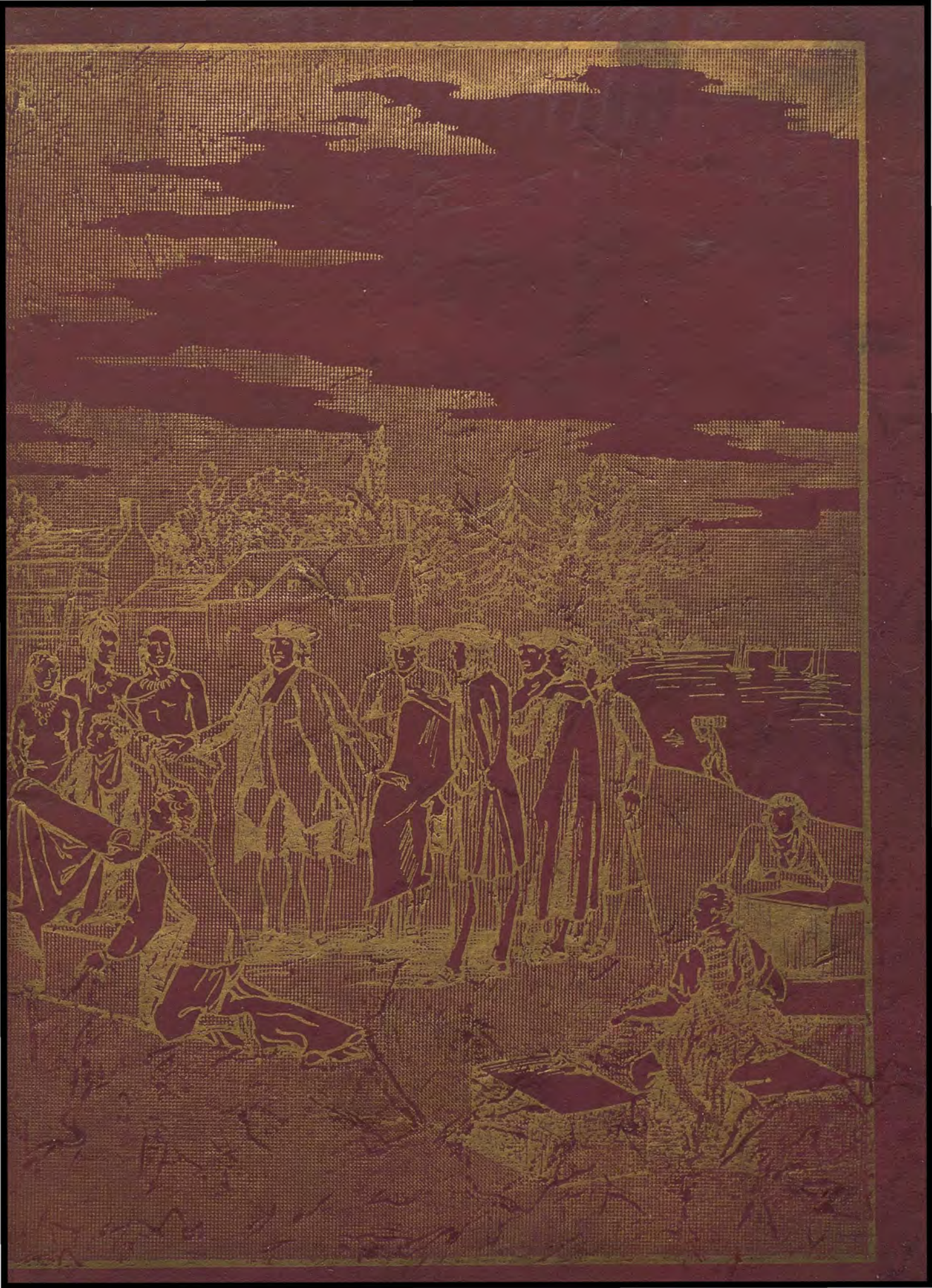
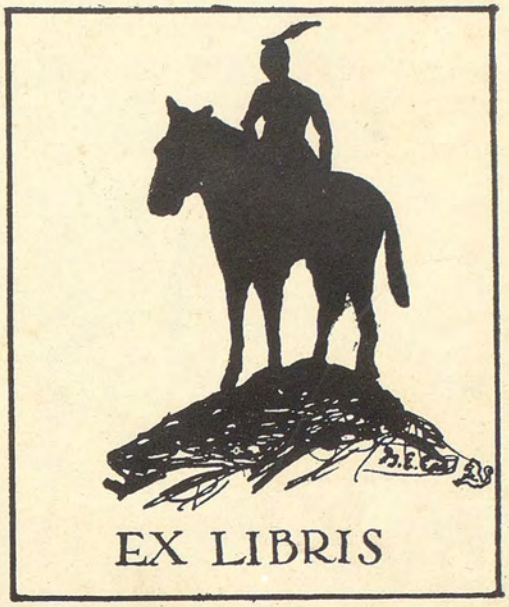
THE ARROW

1930






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The ARROW



1930

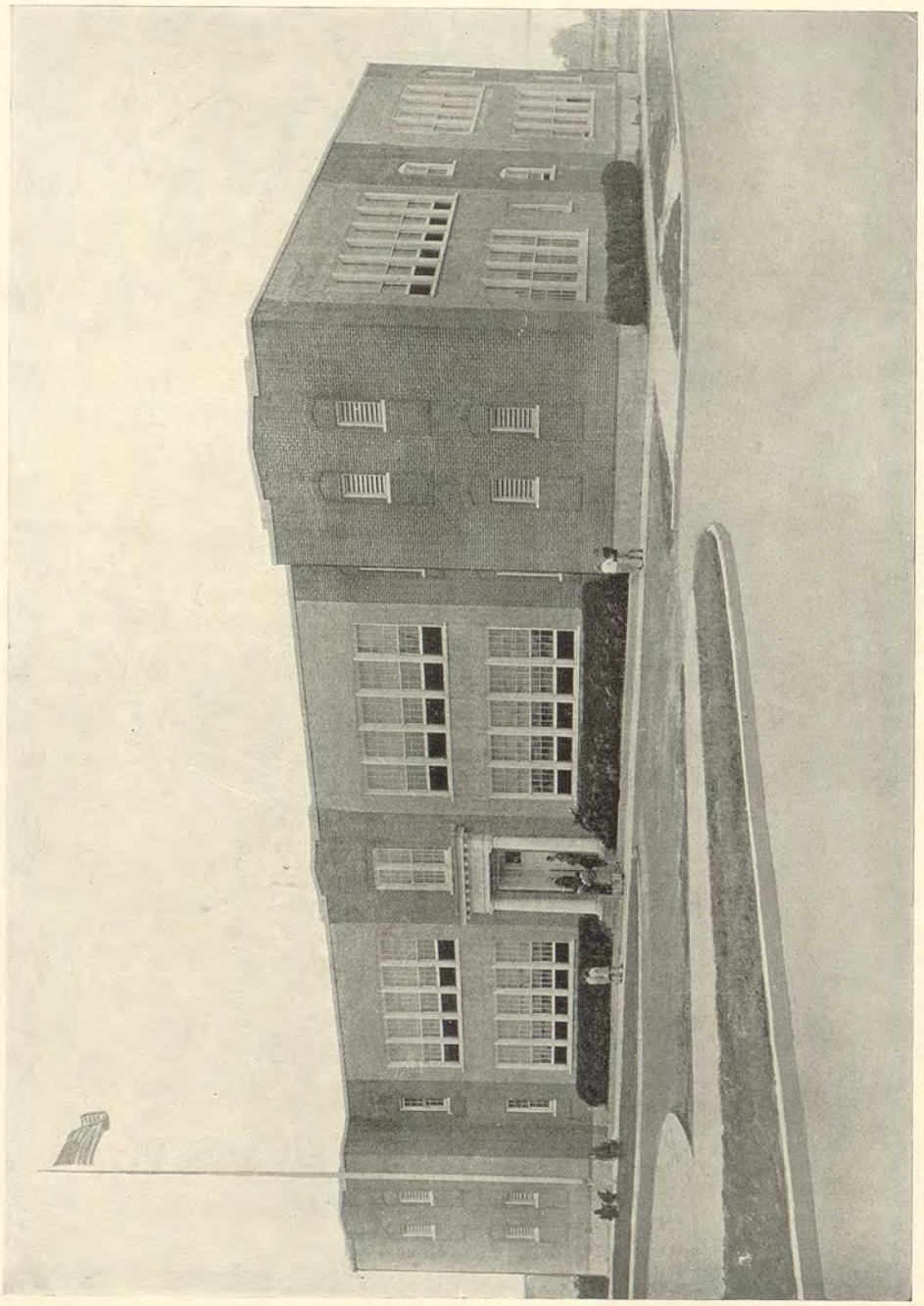
Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS

of

CAPE CHARLES HIGH SCHOOL

CAPE CHARLES, VA.



Cape Charles High School

Foreword

WITHIN the pages of this book we have tried to give to you, readers, some idea of the high spots in the final year of our high school life. We cannot show you all of the most important events nor all of those most dear to us, even though they will always remain within our hearts and memories.

To you, who have had the honor and pleasure of at some time being a member of Cape Charles High School, we hope these pages will bring much joy and fond memories. To you, who have never been associated with the school, we hope they will give an idea of its activities and its real place in the hearts of its sons and daughters. To you, who are still in school, may these records be an inspiration, and a great help in your future work.

We are proud of our school for many reasons. We are especially proud of our Honor System, which we know to be not only a successful institution, but also a character-building force in our high school life; we are proud of our record in athletics, which, though varying, is honorable; we are proud of our faculty and prinicipal who coeperate with us so nobly; we are proud of our four years work in character-building and mental training; we are proud even of the downs as well as the ups.

And so, readers, as you open this, the twelfth volume of the Arrow, read it with a kind eye, over-look our faults, and commend our merits.



To you,

MRS. CHANDLER

IN APPRECIATION OF YOUR UNTIRING EFFORTS, LOYAL DEVOTION AND SINCERE INTEREST, AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE THREE YEARS THAT YOU SPENT WITH US, WE, THE SENIORS OF 1930, DEDICATE THIS, THE TWELFTH VOLUME OF THE "ARROW."

In Memoriam

IDA MAE SWEENEY

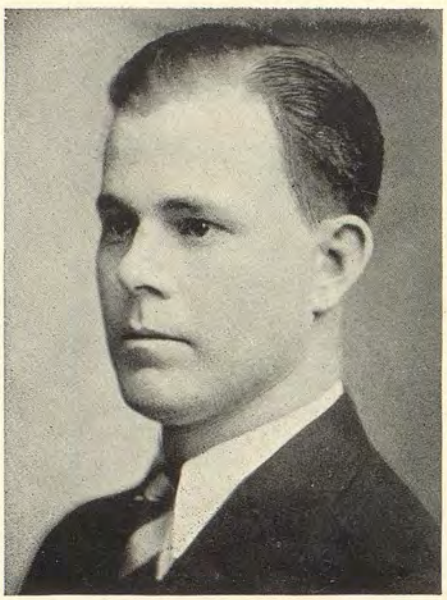
Born March, 1904

Died January, 1930

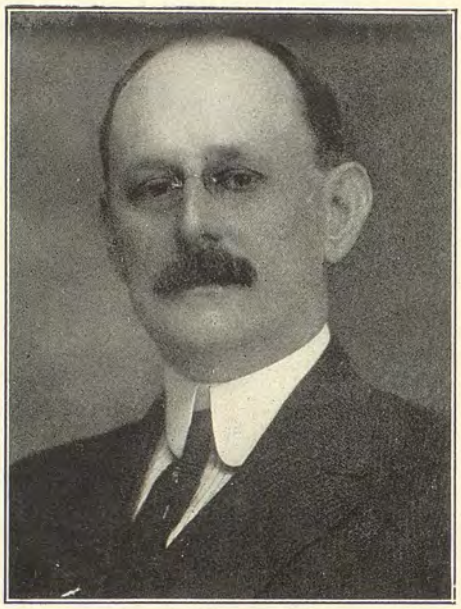
ORDER OF BOOKS

Book I—Administration
Book II—Seniors
Book III—Juniors
Book IV—Sophomores
Book V—Freshmen
Book VI—Junior High
Book VII—Organizations
Book VIII—Features
Book IX—Jokes
Book X—Ads





GEORGE OLIVER, *Superintendent*



J. D. KING, *Chairman*



J. W. WILSON



W. A. DICKINSON

Our Principal



A. S. DeHaven



Miss Sara Doughty
English and Latin



Mr. N. R. Hurt
Science and
Physical Education



Miss Florence Spady
Mathematics



Miss Fanny Thomas
Commercial



Mrs. Ruth Willis
Sixth Grade



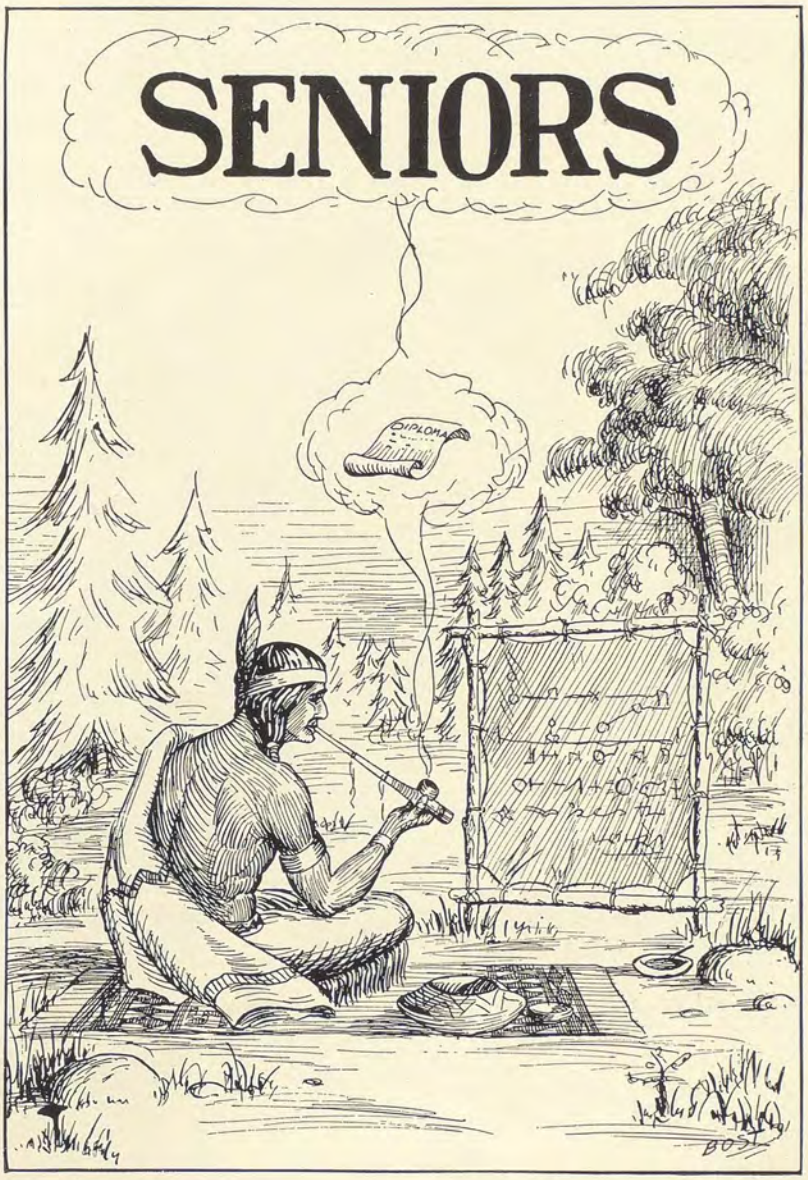
Miss Lenna Wright
Home Economics



Miss Alice Dunton
History



Miss Florine Ware
Seventh Grade


SENIORS
DIPLOMA

Senior Class

Colors: Lavender and Silver *Flower*: Lilac

Motto: "Rowing, not drifting."

President.....Virginia Turner
Vice-President.....Fred Hudson
Secretary.....Susie Lynch
Treasurer.....Francis Richardson

MEMBERS:

Reginald Barnes
Elizabeth Bennett
Arthur Copes
Lola Cobb
Francis Detwiler
Fred Hudson
Wilton Heath
Susie Lynch
Milbourne Neighbors
Tom Nottingham
Francis Richardson
Mary Schaefer
Virginia Turner
Grayson Vaden
Kathleen Wise
Billy Waples

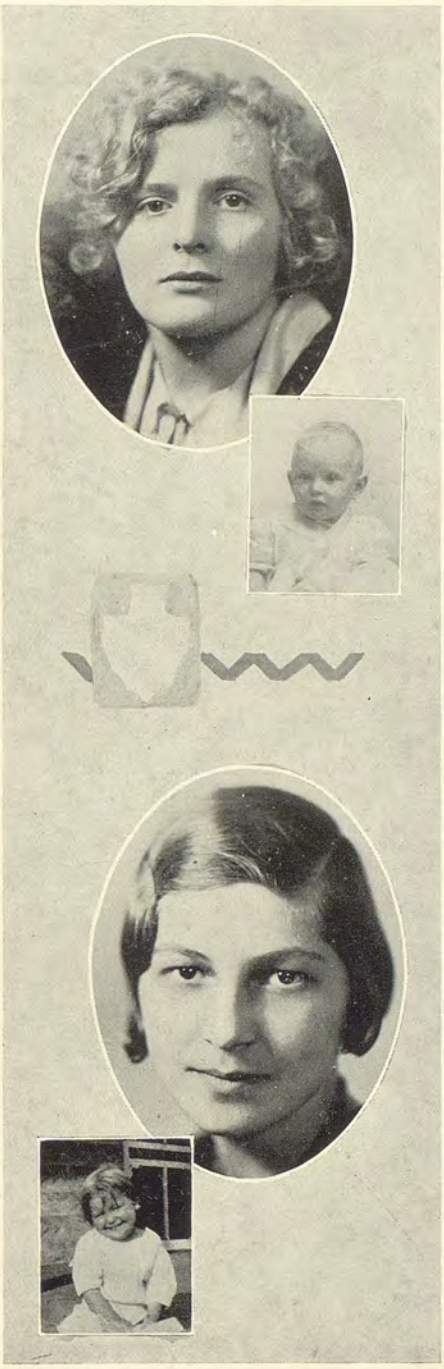
Virginia Pitts Turner

College Preparatory

President Class, '27, '28, '29, '30; Student Council, '27; Captain Girls' Track, '27; Athletic Council, '28; Basketball, '28, '29, '30; Dramatic Club, '29, '30; Editor-in-Chief Arrow.

"To see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever."

Allow us the very great pleasure of introducing to you our class president. Pitty's curly head is an ornament to the Senior Class, and we all delight in hearing her soft, well-modulated tones. Her sunny disposition and merry laugh endear her to all who know her. She is an all 'round girl and has such a nature as you seldom find. Virginia is gracious and friendly to everybody, no matter what their station in life may be, and she is always ready and willing to help all. Here we can't enumerate all her virtues, but we know that she is, and will continue to be, a most faithful, worthy, and lovable friend.



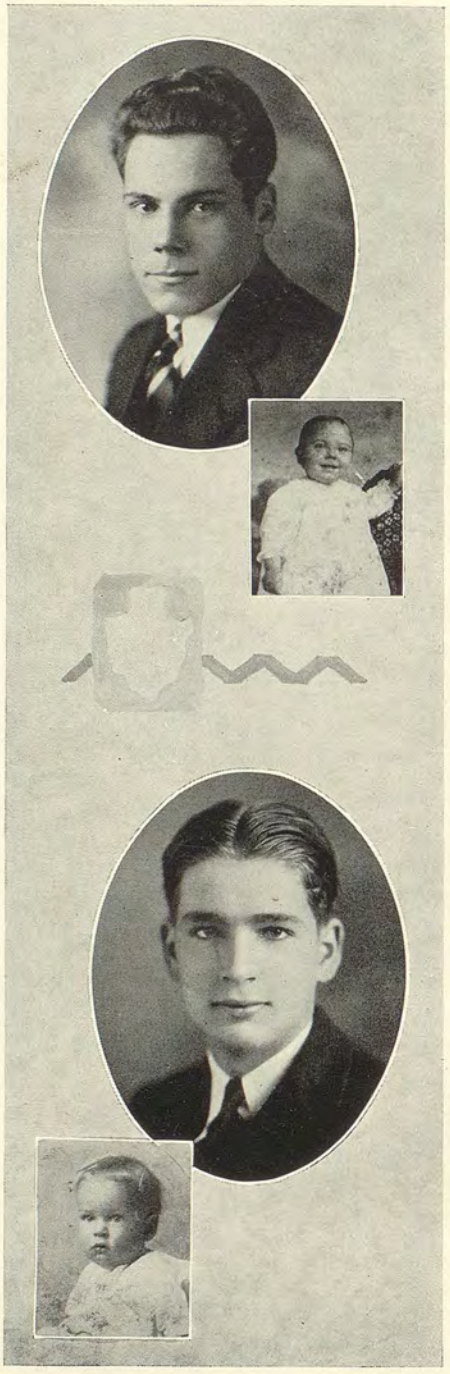
Mary Magdalene Schaefer

College Preparatory

Honor Council, '28; Vice-President Athletic Council, '29; Basketball, '29, '30; Volleyball, '29, '30; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Editor-in-Chief Arrow.

"A word of cheer, a greeting glad,
A jolly, amiable way she had."

Some are born gentle; some acquire gentleness; some have it thrust upon them. Mary is all three. Her soft voice is outstanding wherever it goes. Yet this quality of hers is not passive. "Polly" is capable; she has power; she can accomplish things! In her activities, even her opponents feel as proud to be defeated by such gentleness as to win from someone else.



Reginald Thomas Barnes

General

Basketball, '28, '29, '30; Baseball, '27, '28, '29, '30; Student Council, '28; Secretary Monogram Club, '29; Dramatic Club, '29, '30; Business Manager Arrow.

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

A loud "Ha! Ha!" is heard. Who can it be but Reginald, otherwise "Deggy"? He possesses determination and fortifies his point until it is impregnable. "Deggy" is a jolly companion and one who is always willing to help. The best of luck to you, "Deggy!"

S. Thomas Nottingham, Jr.

General

Manager Basketball, '28; Monogram Club, 29; Student Council, '30; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; President Dramatics Club, '30; Business Manager Arrow.

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

"Shrimp" always sees the big things of life. He possesses the firmness and nobility of character to maintain what he considers right. These qualities, added to a genial and optimistic disposition, have won for him a host of admiring friends.



Susie Nottingham Lynch

General

Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Secretary and Treasurer Dramatics Club, '30; Secretary Class, '30; Student Council, '29; Art Editor Arrow.

"There is nothing that is meritous but virtue and friendship."

Susie's loveliness of character, friendly disposition and graciousness soon made each one of us stop, look, and listen. By her sweetness and sincerity she has won a place in our hearts that no one else could fill. May the sunshine of her smile be appreciated the world over.

Fred Seymour Hudson, Jr.

College Preparatory

Vice-President Class, '28, '29; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Student Council, '29, '30; President Student Council, '30; Baseball, '29, '30; Basketball, '29, '30; Captain Basketball, '30; Monogram Club, '29; Club Editor Arrow.

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

Fred is a worker of merit, a popular schoolmate and a congenial friend. He enters everything with enthusiasm and seldom fails to accomplish that which he undertakes. He is one of our star athletes and, as president of the Student Council this year, he has impressed us all with his ability and strength of character.





Lola Garrett Cobb

College Preparatory

Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Literary Editor Arrow.

"Exhausting thought, and having wisdom with each studious year."

Although Lola did not become one of us until our Junior year, we are very glad to count her an "angel." She is possibly our most diligent student and spends most of her time in the assimilation of knowledge. She is very fond of music, especially the violin, and we hope that some day she will rival Fritz Kreisler.





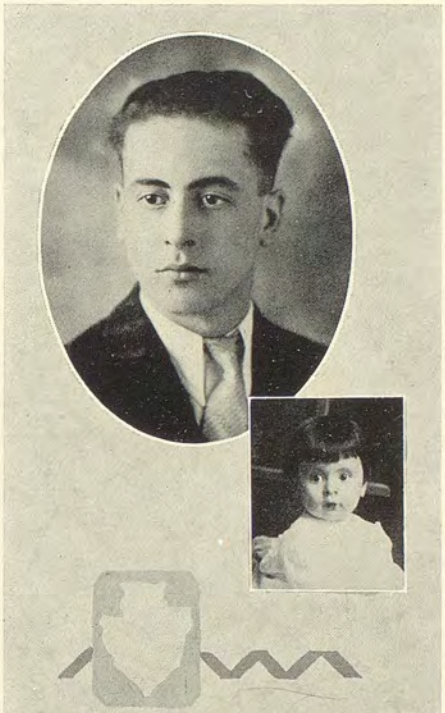
William M. Neighbors

General

Baseball, '29; Dramatics Club, '29, 30; Joke Editor Arrow.

"Could I love less, I should be happier now."

Listen! That's he. We could tell "Brick's" laugh anywhere we heard it. His ready wit and conversational ability make him welcome any time and any where. Now, as he goes out from the protection of his Alma Mater (singing "Sweet Genevieve") there go with him the best wishes of the Senior Class.



Arthur W. Copes, Jr.

General

Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Basketball, '30; Social Recorder Arrow.

"Silence is the Mother of Truth."

Arthur is a sincere friend who believes in that old saying, "Slow, but sure." When other Seniors are hurrying madly through tests, "Copesie" is calmly taking his time. Rip was a speed artist compared with him. But "Copesie's" good nature has won a place for him in all our hearts.



Mary Elizabeth Bennett

General

Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Student Council, '30; Historian Arrow.

"A maiden kind they say,
Who with her music drives dull care away."

Elizabeth is patient, earnest, deliberate and never waits until the last minute to do anything, as her more careless classmates do. She has spent quite a bit of her time in the study of music, but we understand that she has decided to enter the field of academic work. We wish her the greatest success.





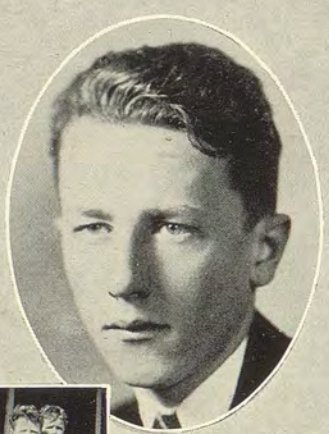
Thomas Francis Detwiler

General

Vice-President Class, '27; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Testator Arrow.

"I love fool's experiments; I am always making them."

This quotation expresses "Det" better than any words of ours could do. No matter where we are or what we are doing, he has some joke to fit the occasion. He is also a great one when posters and signs are needed. Maybe some day one of your "experiments" will make you famous, "Det."





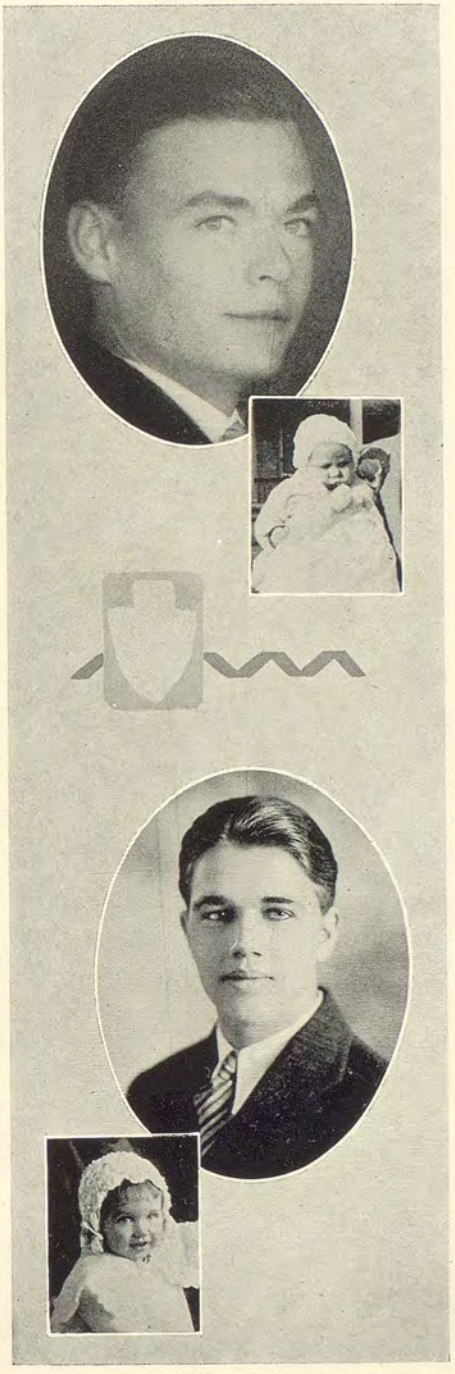
William Edgar Waples, Jr.

General

Athletic Council, '28; Secretary Class, '28, '29; Baseball, '28, '29, '30; Basketball, '29, '30; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Monogram Club, '29; President Athletic Council, '30; Athletic Editor Arrow.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

When Billy comes around, all things pertaining to gloom must be put aside, for Billy and gloom cannot live in the same atmosphere. His wit and good nature have won for him many friends, and we are inclined to think that these qualities, added to a keen business ability, will make him a great success.



Jesse Francis Richardson

College Preparatory

Treasurer Class, '27, '28, '29, '30; Manager Basketball, '28; Treasurer Monogram Club, '29; Treasurer Athletic Council, '30; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Prophet Arrow.

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

Francis has faithfully performed the duties of treasurer for four years, and the fact that we have the reputation of the "richest class in school" proves his success. He is one of those people who can always be depended upon, and we know that some day we will be proud to say, "He was once an 'angel'."

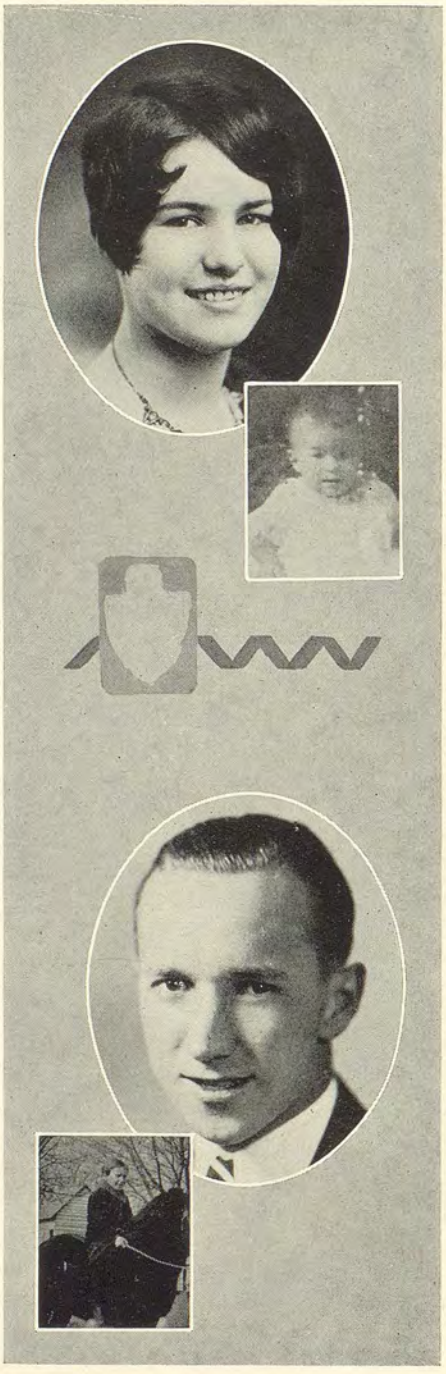
Charles Wilton Heath

General

Manager Baseball, '28; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Baseball, '29, '30; Basketball, '30; Monogram Club, '29; Fiction Editor Arrow.

"From the crown of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."

"Hefty" is an unusual compound of fun, nonsense and cheerfulness. He really has lots of sense, although sometimes you would never guess it from his actions. He has a sunny disposition and a decided liking for "the ladies." May "lady luck" always smile on you, "Hefty."



Margaret Kathleen Wise

Business

Girls' Track, '27; Volleyball, '29, '30; Basketball, '29, '30; Dramatics, '29, '30; Cheer Leader, '30; Poet Arrow.

"As merry as the day is long."

Kathleen is a merry, lively girl, and when she is around something is surely going to happen. We tease her about her chatter, but yet she would not be "Hop" without it. We hope that some day she will "Hop" into a great fortune.

Arthur Grayson Vaden

General

Basketball, '29, '30; Baseball, '29, '30; Captain Baseball, '29, '30; Dramatics Club, '29, '30; Monogram Club, '29; Athletic Editor Arrow.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career; Rest is the fitting of self to it's sphere."

As a rule "Boob" is a quiet person, and sometimes is even called bashful. But we know that when any fun is to be had, he is right there. He is a happy-go-lucky, good-natured companion. We wish for "Boob" all the good things of life and glorious success in all his undertakings.

High School Vocabulary

"A"—An act of Providence.

BLUFF—A clever attempt to hide what you know.

CUTS—Incisions resulting from surgical operations removing obnoxious classes.

DEAD—Serious condition resulting in a weak end.

EXAMS—Examinations—see Exams.

FLUNK—An acute disease of regular recurrence—every six weeks.

GOSH!—The word avoided in Miss Sara's classes.

HYGIENE—A study in Health, Happiness, and Hysteria.

INTUITION—What every student needs.

JUNIORS—People who have spent three years in H. S. and are just finding it out.

K. O.—Or O. K. what's the difference?

LOVE—Another disease—brought back from vacation—not catching.

MATHEMATICS—A science dealing in rectangles and other tangles.

NO!!—Students' answer to question, "Do you know—?"

O—Ah, prefix for many expressions, suppressed and otherwise.

PSYCHOLOGY—Just one darn point after another.

QUIZ—The missing links discovered and used as a means of personal contact between profs and students.

REPORT CARDS—Oi—Oi!

STUDENTS—Creatures leading secluded lives—sometimes seen running across campus.

TELEPHONE—An instrument of communication—??

UMBRELLA—Sophomoric implement of torture.

VIRTUE—To be found elsewhere.

WISECRACKS—A common though painful mode of speech inflicted on innocent victims.

XAMS—Related to Xmas—very popular with all.

YULE LOG—A piece of wood.

ZERO—Sum total of work accomplished.

The Voice of Success

"Come," calls the Voice; "come away,
Would you succeed, you must not delay,
The goal is not won in the course of a day—
For swift years are passing as we toil on the way."

"Up," cries the Voice; "over the hills, steep and high,
The voice of the soul halts not, tho it die;
Let service, true service, be then your reply,
As you press on with vigor and on honor rely."

"Serve," cheers the Voice; "if a crown you would wear,
Years of great labor and trials and care—
Are the price you must pay for the guerdon so rare;
'Tis the soul that would serve, who this burden must bear."

"Succeed," chants the Voice of the Master so bold,
"The dross must be drawn from the stream of pure gold,
From the fire of the smelter to the Father's mold;
The crown awaits us, if our way we hold."

—M. K. W.

History of the Class of '30

ON September the fifteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, the class of '30 composed of thirty-two members, began to be entered into their high school career under the capable leadership of Miss Estelle Outten. We were duly initiated into the fun a few weeks later by having each member of the class do something which would amuse the high school. We chose as our class officers: Virginia Turner, President; Fred Hudson, Vice-President; Dorothy Lowe, Secretary, and Francis Richardson, as Treasurer. Out of these elections grew our motto: "Rowing, not drifting." Our flower was a lilac, with corresponding colors of lavender and silver. The Honor System at this time was young, and we took it upon ourselves to improve it, so we organized our own Honor Council, whose members were: Thurley Brown and Reginald Barnes. The proposed idea was to prove that the students could manage more than they were given credit for, and the result was that we had the best line; Miss Outten was not required to be in the room before the bell rang, and the study halls were conducted without teachers. This is how we acquired the name "Angels." Our time for fun came when we entertained the Faculty at our first social function—a Hallowe'en Party at the school. In '27 our class was represented in both the Athletic Council, and in athletics. A minstrel written by Miss Outten, especially for us, was given, and we cleared about $30.00. Miss Outten gave us a party after our last rehearsal.

II.

Here we are back again for our second term, with our same leader. We elected our officers of the year before, with the exception of the secretary, who was changed to Billy Waples. This year we edited the first paper since 1921, and called it the "Hi-Gram News." It was a huge success. Again we had representatives in the Athletic Council, and the sports (both boys and girls). Our Honor Representatives were: Mary Schaefer and Reginald Barnes. Again we had an initiation, but this time one of another color. Miss Outten entertained us at a Rainbow Party at her home, and we entertained the Faculty at a Valentine Party at the school. The girls' side of our class was well represented in the "Spinister's Convention," and the

"Spinister's Return." The school gave a supper to raise funds for athletics and we had the largest room, the Home Economics room. We used the color scheme of red, white and blue, carrying it out in the candles, and card tables. To prove the unity of the class, the girls served and the boys washed stacks of dishes. Of course, we thought our room the prettiest (and so did many others).

III.

We have at last reached the desired and coveted Junior Class, with just a few of our members dropped behind and our beloved Miss Outten as our leader again. We chose our same class officers. This year the Monogram Club was formed with Fred Hudson as Vice-President, Reginald Barnes as Secretary, and Francis Richardson as Treasurer; Wilton Heath, Billy Waples and Tom Nottingham were members from our class. And for the third time we are again well represented in athletics, with Mary Schaefer as Vice-President of the Athletic Council. Miss Outten gave us a weenie Roast out at her house, and we entertained the Seniors and Faculty at a Mid-Winter's Party, our first grown-up party, by the way, at which the tables were in horseshoe forms, and our class colors were used. It was enjoyed by all.

The big Junior Play "Much Ado About Betty" was given and about $100.00 realized. After the play, Miss Outten gave us a party. At the last we gave our Seniors a farewell banquet—something to remember us by.

IV.

On September the eleventh, we entered the last stretch on our road to our graduation. This year we changed our leader, but for one equally as beloved to us, if not so intimate, Miss Sara Doughty. The class was organized for the year's work, with the officers of the previous year, with the exception of the secretary, who was changed to Susie Lynch. The Honor Council was organized again, with Fred Hudson as President, and Elizabeth Bennett and Tom Nottingham as the Senior representatives. The Dramatics Club was re-organized with Tom Nottingham as President and Susie Lynch as the Secretary and Treasurer. Joy of joys! We received the first signs of our being Seniors, our rings and pins. We gave a miscellaneous shower for Miss Outten at school, just before her wedding. Then came

the fun, examinations. After the examinations we started work on the annual. The first step was the taking of pictures. The Juniors gave the Seniors a Valentine Party at the home of Willis Parsons, which was enjoyed by everyone present. The Arrow goes to press February 28, and we are sure that along with our hard work, that no class has ever been as solidified, or ever had so many pleasures, and our last wish is that we depart from the Senior Class in a body.

M.E.B.



Last Will and Testament

Here in the year of 1930 A. D., the class of '30 of Cape Charles High School does put before the ones that it leaves behind, the Last Will and Testament by which the said person or bodies of persons, hereto named below, shall be directed as foreseen by us:

Article I. We do will and bequeath to our dearly loved Alma Mater the most sincere appreciation for what it has perfected in and produced for us.

Article II. To our prinicpal, Mr. Ashby Sylvester De Haven, we will a secretary to attend to his business so that he can spend a whole hour with his classes.

Article III. To Miss Sara Doughty we leave a private stenographer to whom Miss Sara can dictate her contracts and exams.

Article IV. To Miss Lenna Wright we bequeath the hope that her "Aims" will always be perfect.

Article V. To Miss Florine Ware we leave the wish that all of her days will be "Sterling."

Article VI. To Miss Alice Wedell Dunton and to Miss Ellen Parsons we bequeath a coin that they may flip for the winner of an M. D.

Article VII. To Miss Florence Spady we do will and bequeath a class that will not ask so many questions.

Article VIII. To Miss Fannie Thomas we leave a telephone, with which she can transact her business with Mr. De Haven.

Article IX. To Mrs. Ruth Willis we bequeath a stop watch with which she can time her classes to the exact second.

Article X. To Mr. Nicholas Hurt we will, and hope that he may find, a shorter route to the post office at Noon.

Article XI. To Miss Virginia Kellam we leave the hope that she will send some good ticket sellers into High School.

Article XII. To Mrs. Emmett Topping we do will and bequeath a train load of antique furniture.

Article XIII. To Miss Rebecca Scott that some day the High School will have enough scissors to satisfy their own needs so that they will not have to borrow from the Primary Department.

Article XIV. To Mrs. Pearl Smith we leave the hope of a quiet class; yea, even one that is restful to her.

Article XV. To Miss Lucille Latimer we leave a secretary to write her letters to Santa Claus.

Article XVI. To the teams we bequeath all prosperity in all sports and we charge them especially not to hurt any of our dear Capevillians.

Article XVII. To you, O Worthy and Ambitious Sophs and Freshies we leave the hope that you all will be together when you get your diplomas, each class in its turn.

Article XVIII. To Leland Dando Baker, Jr. we give the authority to his history teacher that where his nose begins, her liberty ends.

Article XIX. To Louis Bernard Chelec we bequeath that he may be able to explain everything to his future wife.

Article XX. To Richard Lee Dix we do will and bequeath a machine that will untwist his tongue when he pronounces S's.

Article XXI. To Albert Randolph McMath we leave the assurance that next year he will become ticket collector in Jesse Carroll Outten's "bus."

Article XXII. To Richard Lewis Parks, Tom Nottingham leaves his height so that he can slap people on the head, instead of people slapping him.

Article XXIII. To Samuel Willis Parsons we will a valet smart enough to take care of Willis' books.

Article XXIV. To Oscar Milton Stevenson, Jr. we will the hope that some day he will be recognized as the guy who put "IT" in Italy.

Article XXV. To Alva Jannett Collins, Lola Cobb leaves the ability to memorize Miss Dunton's History Lessons.

Article XXVI. To Agnes Cecelia Schaefer we bequeath the hope that some day she will be great author.

Article XXVII. To Wenterose Chambers, we leave the privilege to get A on all her lessons.

Article XXVIII. To Granville Hogg we leave the hope that he may perfect himself in the art of argumentation.

In Testimony whereof, we, the members of the Senior Class of '30, do set our seal on this twenty-fourth day of February in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and thirty.

T. F. D.

V. P. T.

M. M. S.

Prophecy

FEBRUARY 3rd! and not an idea for the Prophecy of the Senior Class of 1930! What makes matters worse, the editors are insisting that all work be in by February 26th. What a predicament! Only twenty-three days and not a line nor a thought! "O Muse of Prophets and Seers, come to my rescue." Something seizes my breath! I am choked! Slipping down—down—down! I grasp for consciousness, but cannot hold on. The falling sensation lapses into complete darkness and chaos, from which I pass into a state of semi-consciousness.

There is a knock! Knock! As regular as the ticking of a clock! Attempting speech I struggle through: "Come-in." Is this my own voice that sounds so hollow and lifeless? The door slowly swings in and reveals a creature small in stature, and outstanding in features.

"Who are you who come preceded by such happenings? Speak! or the sight will drive me insane," I stammered. After what seemed to be an eternity it speaks: "I am sent to guide you to my master, who has heard your entreaty; follow me."

The walls close in on us, and for the second time there is that dropping and slipping sensation as if we are in an elevator. A door is before us. No hand touches it, but it opens, and looking out I see a long, dimly lighted hallway, stretching into seemingly endless space. As we pass along the hall I notice doors on each side with the simple inscriptions: 1930, '31, '32, and on into the century. The first door is open and my leader pauses while I gaze into it.

"This is the hall of the future, and the rooms enclose the incidents of the various years, whose inscriptions you see on the lintel. The room you are now before is that of 1930 or the present." Looking in, I behold all my classmates busy at work on the annual. This sight reminds me that I must hurry on. The page, who has been leading me, directs me to a certain door, which, he says is Father Time's room. When I knock the page disappears and the door opens; within I see dear old Father Time with his scythe and keys.

Upon his inquiry as to what I wish, I reply: "To me has been assigned the task of prophesying the future of the members of the class of 1930, and knowing

that you hold the keys to the future, I have come to implore you to allow me one key, by which I may enter into the year 1950."

Slowly fingering his keys he removes the 20th from the bunch. Without a word he hands it to me, moves his scythe and I find myself in the hall again, and in front of the room marked 1950. My hand shakes so I cannot put the key to the lock. "Calm yourself. Are you afraid to enter into the future?" sounds a silvery voice from the inside of the room. The key slips into the lock, and turns as if by magic power, and I push the door open! Before me stretches the enormous laws of the White House. But who is that solitary figure walking the paths? Oh, the president, of course!

Upon coming closer, I recognize, but not to my surpise, Fred Hudson.

"Hello, where did you come from?" he exclaims.

"From 1930," I reply. "But when were you elected as president?"

"In 1948," he answers. "Come in and meet my wife, though I am sure you know her."

Again I am pleased, but not astonished, for the First Lady of the Land is none other than our flaxen haired president of '30, Virginia Turner.

An old negro comes tottering in. "Hello, darling."

"Well, Ruffian, what are you doing here?" For an answer he unbuttons his coat and inside displays a big gold button on his vest, with these words in maroon: "HONORARY JANITOR OF THE WHITE HOUSE."

Then Fred speaks: "Come on, let's go riding and see who else you will meet."

We climb into his torpedo ship, and are in New York in four minutes and thirty seconds. On our way he tells me it was perfected by the Nottingham and Barnes Electric Company, whose offices we shall visit first. After the usual greetings, "Shrimp" shows us around the work shops, and says that "Deggy" is at work on a very important invention. But I have not time to pause here for the time is slipping and I have only seen four members of the class.

Our next stop is at the National Bank, where the directors are having a meeting to try to decide what to do with the surplus sums. As we walk in we see first, Arthur Copes, at the head of the table, then to his right, Grayson Vaden, and at one side the stenographer, Kathleen Wise. From Fred I learn that "Copesie" and "Boob" are the two best known bankers in New York, and that "Hop" holds the typewriting championship of the country.

From here we fly over the slums, and I see someone wave; we lose altitude, and as we approach the ground I recognize Susie Lynch, the most wonderful social welfare worker of the century. Fred tells me that to see some, we must go to California.

On our way out, we go down to Richmond, and approach the offices of the Board of Education. We are greeted by Billy Waples, the supervisor of Public Education in Virginia, who leads us into the adjoining suite with: "Come meet my chief assistants; these are the joint offices of the Directors of Physical Education for girls, and the Supervisors of Home Economics. I have a surprise for you."

Upon our entrance we are greeted by the smiles of Mary Schaefer, the Head Instructor of Physical Education for girls, and Elizabeth Bennett, the Director of Home Economics in the Public schools of Virginia.

We also stop in Florida, on the golf course, at the Lakewood Country Club, where Francis Detwiler is competing for the National Golf championship.

Finally we take off for California, and at Hollywood, among other famous actors, we find our former classmate, Lola Cobb, the best known and loved actress of the time. She takes us to the studio, where Marvin Barnes, one of the honorary members of our class, is filming the new all-talkie picture.

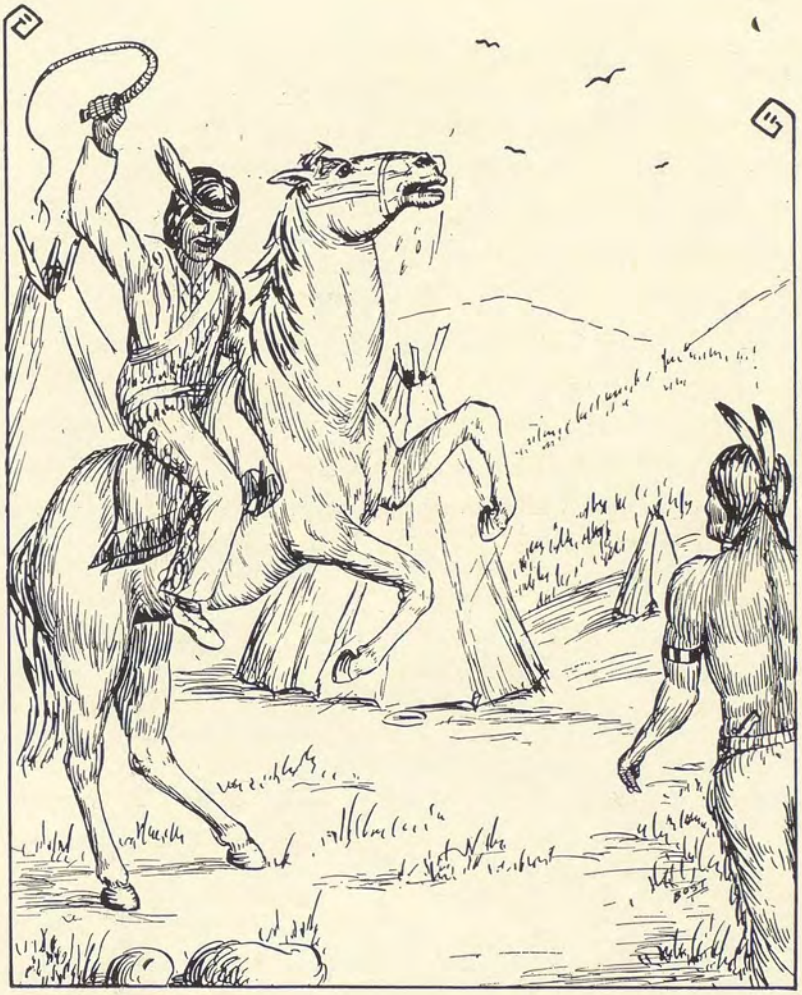
At Los Angeles, we see Lucille Hine, the superintendent of nurses at the Memorial Hospital, and Eloise Cutler, the dietitian, the other two honorary members of our class.

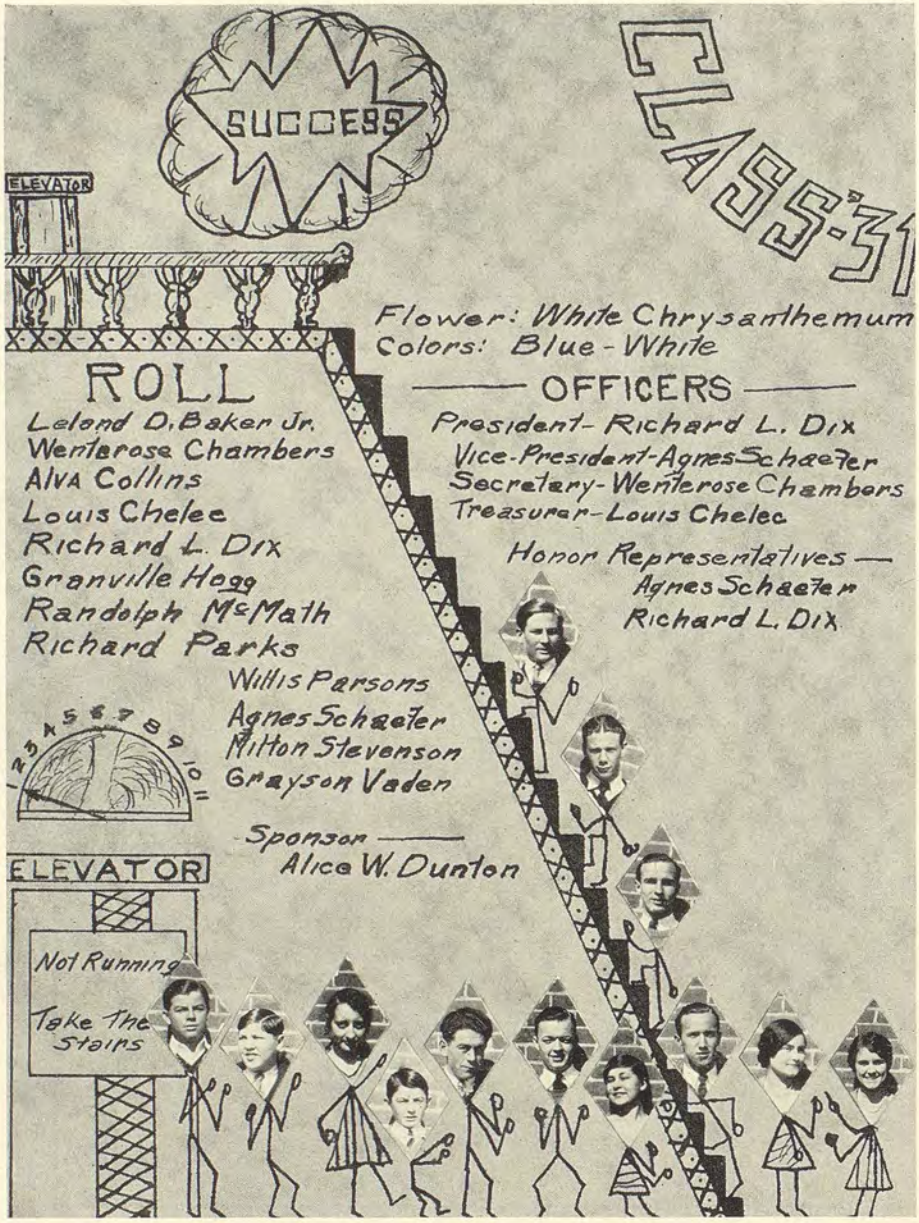
At last we return to the East coast, and to our own Northampton County. At Nassawadox we see Genevieve Startt, who in her off hours, keeps house for her husband, the Neighbor(ly) gentleman, who is with the Chicago Cubs, but lives in Nassawadox.

Returning to Washington, Fred accompanies me to the door of 1950, and I pass from 1950 in the Hall of the Future, back down to 1930; walk in and hand my prophecy to the editors of the annual.

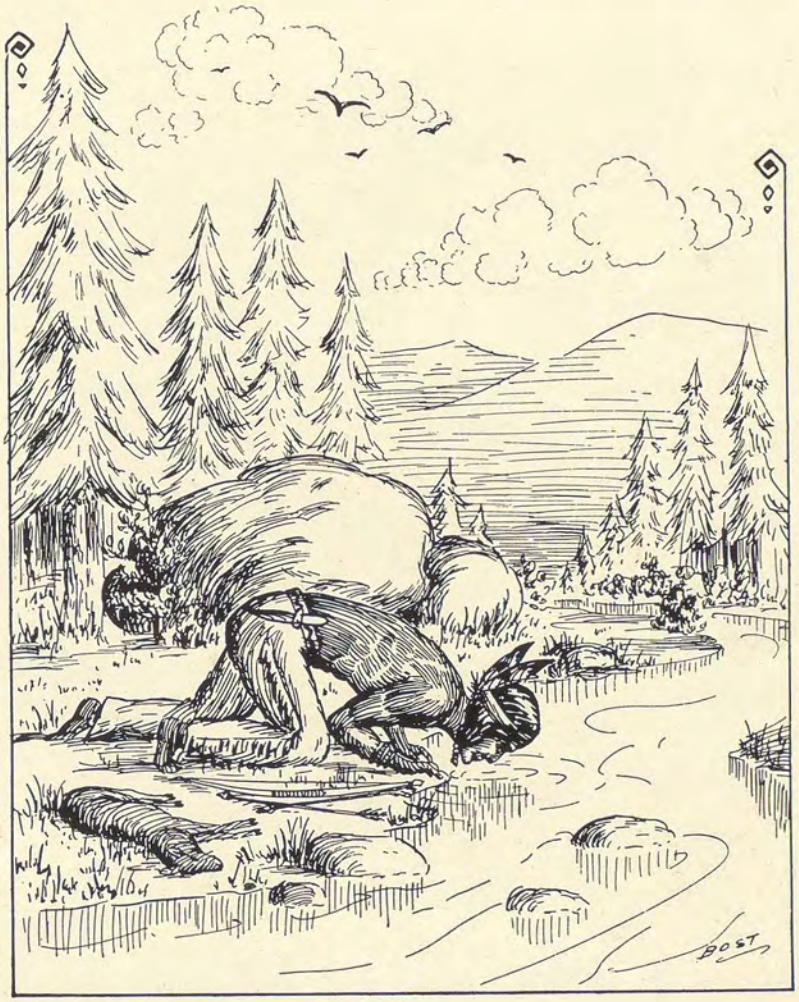
F. R.

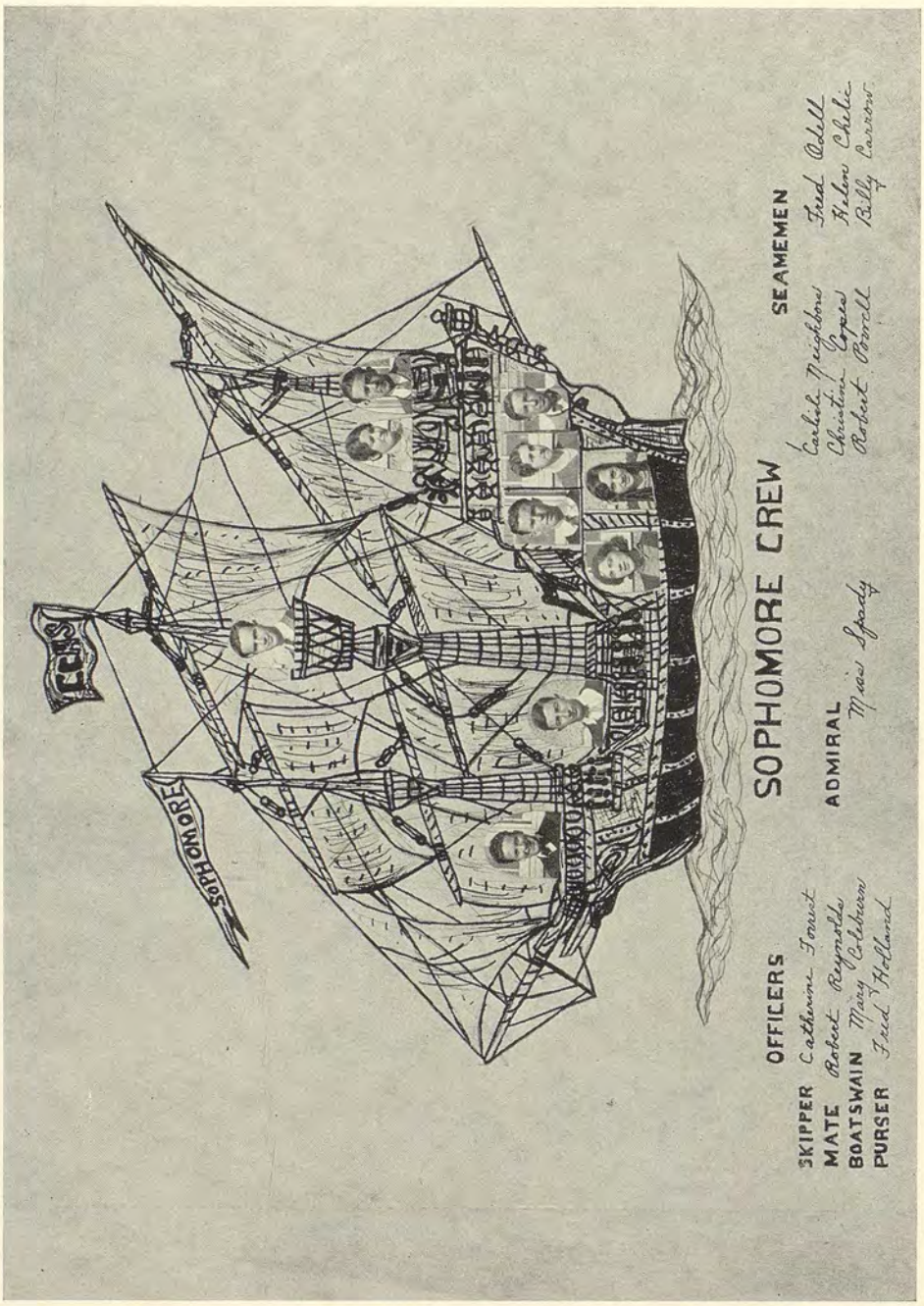
JUNIORS




SUCCESS
CLASS-31
ELEVATOR
Flower: White Chrysanthemum
Colors: Blue-White
ROLL
Leland O. Baker Jr.
Wenterose Chambers
Alva Collins
Louis Chelec
Richard L. Dix
Granville Hogg
Randolph McMath
Richard Parks
Willis Parsons
Agnes Schaefer
Milton Stevenson
Grayson Vaden
OFFICERS
President- Richard L. Dix
Vice-President-Agnes Schaefer
Secretary-Wenterose Chambers
Treasurer-Louis Chelec
Honor Representatives —
Agnes Schaefer
Richard L. Dix
Sponsor —
Alice W. Dunton
ELEVATOR
Not Running
Take The Stairs

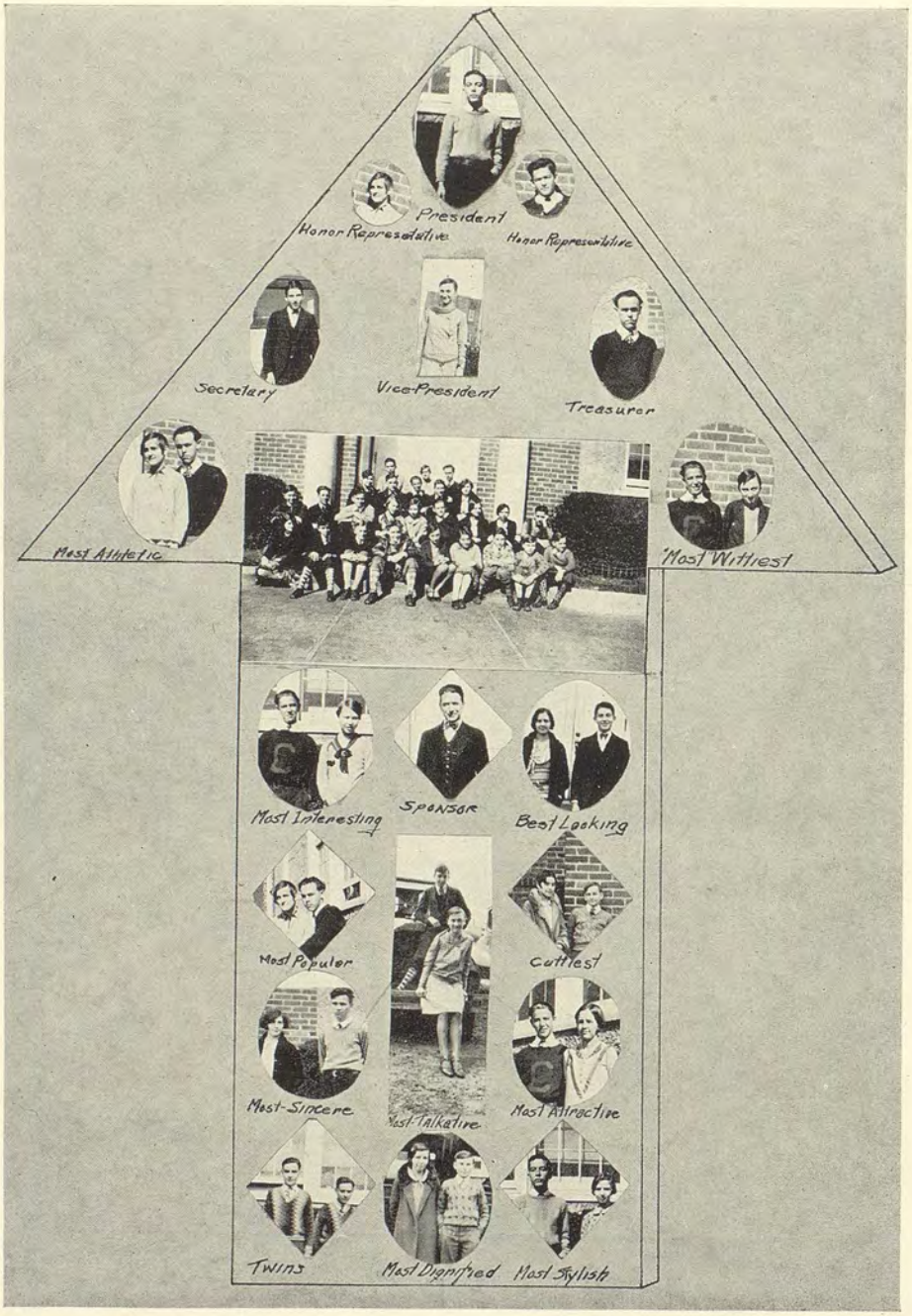
SOPHOMORES




SOPHOMORE
SOPHOMORE CREW
OFFICERS
SKIPPER Catherine Forest
MATE Robert Reynolds
BOATSWAIN Mary Ethelrene
PURSER Fred Holland
ADMIRAL
Mari Spady
SEAMEMEN
Carlisle Neighbors
Christine Cypert
Robert Worrell
Fred Odell
Arlon Childs
Billy Carroll

FRESHMEN




President
Honor Representative
Honor Representative
Secretary
Vice-President
Treasurer
Most Athletic
Most Wittiest
Most Interesting
SPONSOR
Best Looking
Most Popular
Cutiest
Most Sincere
Most Talkative
Most Attractive
Twins
Most Dignified
Most Stylish

Freshman Class

Class Colors: Brown and Gold. *Class Flower*: Brown-Eyed Susan.

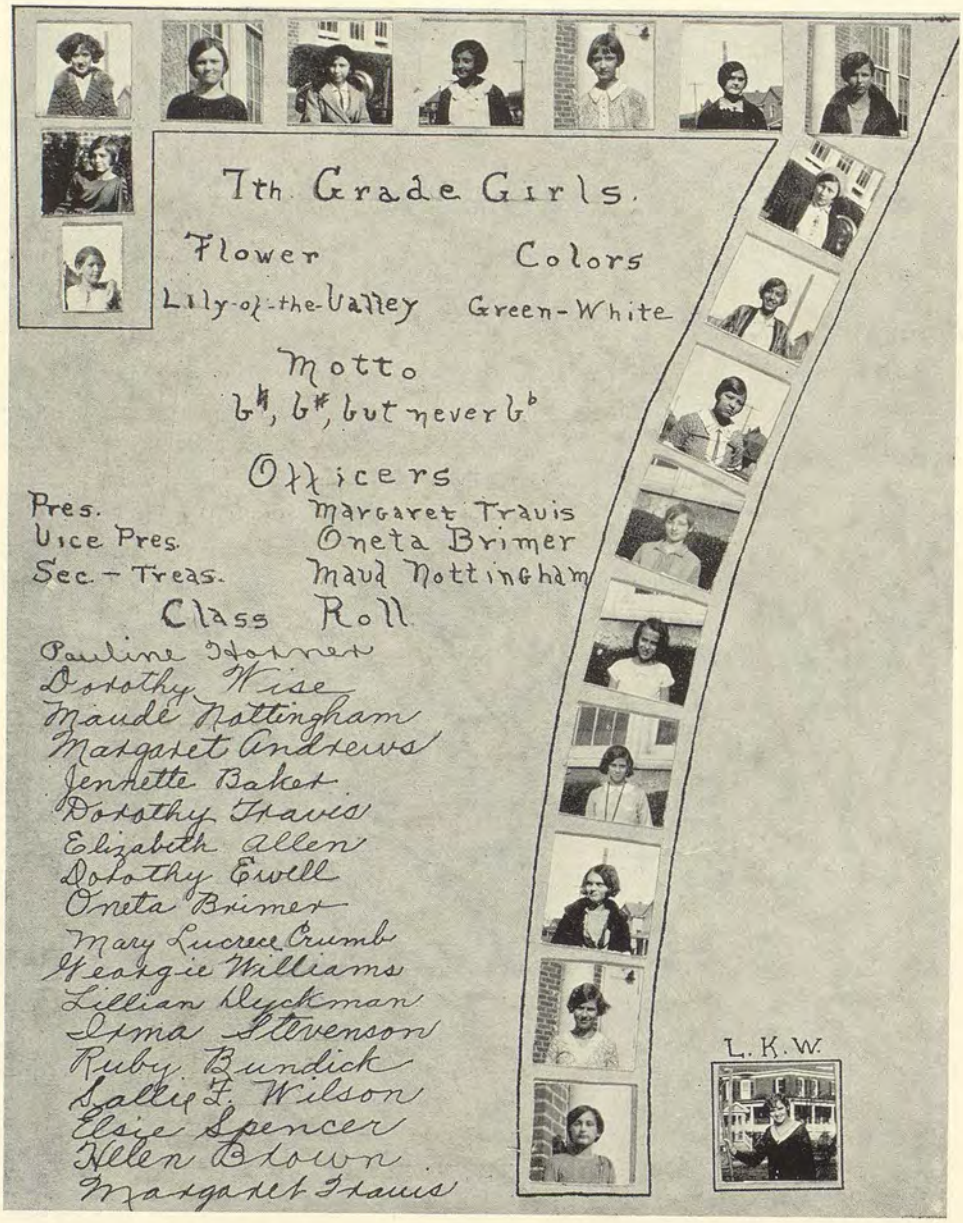
Motto: "Nihil Sine Labore."

OFFICERS

President.....Jesse C. Outten
Vice-President.....Harry L. Warren
Secretary.....India Ames
Treasurer.....Herschell Hudson

MEMBERS

India Ames
Frances Ashby
Beatrice Bledsoe
Sara Belle Brown
Agnes Bargh
Woodrow Bundick
Louise Cox
John Foster
Rupert Fulcher
Marie Grey
Kennon Hancock
Thomas Heath
Judson Hicks
James Hine
Herschell Hudson
Clara Lowe
Paul Cutler
Robert Lowe
Aleen Melson
Mary Marsh
Norman Merritt
Virginia Nottingham
Jesse Carroll Outten
Doretta Roberts
Elaine Robins
Rosalynde Stevenson
Carlisle Vincent
Harry Lee Warren
George Emory Ward
Billie Williams
Carroll Wise
Jean Willis
Earl Cutler


7th Grade Girls.
Flower
Lily-of-the-Valley
Colors
Green-White
Motto
6♮, 6♯, but never 6♭
Officers
Pres. Margaret Travis
Vice Pres. Oneta Brimer
Sec.-Treas. Maud Nottingham
Class Roll
Pauline Horner
Dorothy Wise
Maude Nottingham
Margaret Andrews
Jenkette Baker
Dorothy Travis
Elizabeth Allen
Dorothy Ewell
Oneta Brimer
Mary Lucree Crumb
Georgie Williams
Lillian Heckman
Irma Stevenson
Ruby Bundick
Sallie L. Wilson
Elsie Spencer
Ellen Brown
Margaret Travis
L. K. W.



Seventh Grade Boys

President ..... MARTIN DIX
Vice-President ..... FRANKLIN LAMBERTSON
Secretary-Treasurer ..... BILLY SCOTT

Members of Seventh Grade Honor Council
Irvine Powell Samuel Lambertson Billy Wilkins

CLASS ROLL

Cecil Brown
Irvine Buchanan
Ryland Bull
John Byrd
Marion Disharoon
Junior Disharoon
David Dix
Martin Dix
William Fulcher
Edwin Leatherbury
Douglas Hickman
Jackson Jarvis
Robert Keagy
Charles Keagy
Franklin Lambertson
Irvine Powell
Samuel Lambertson
Herbert Sacks
Billy Scott
Garrick Stevenson
Chapman Ward
Billy Wilkins
Edward Ames

Class Sponsor: Miss Ware

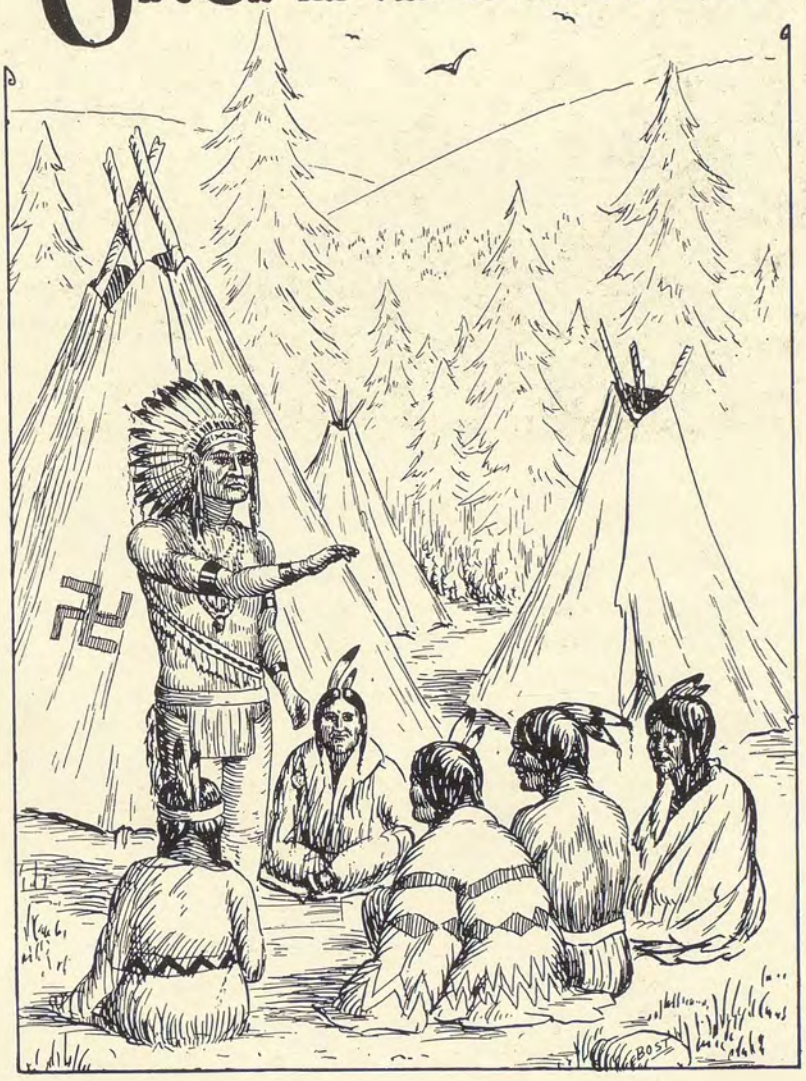


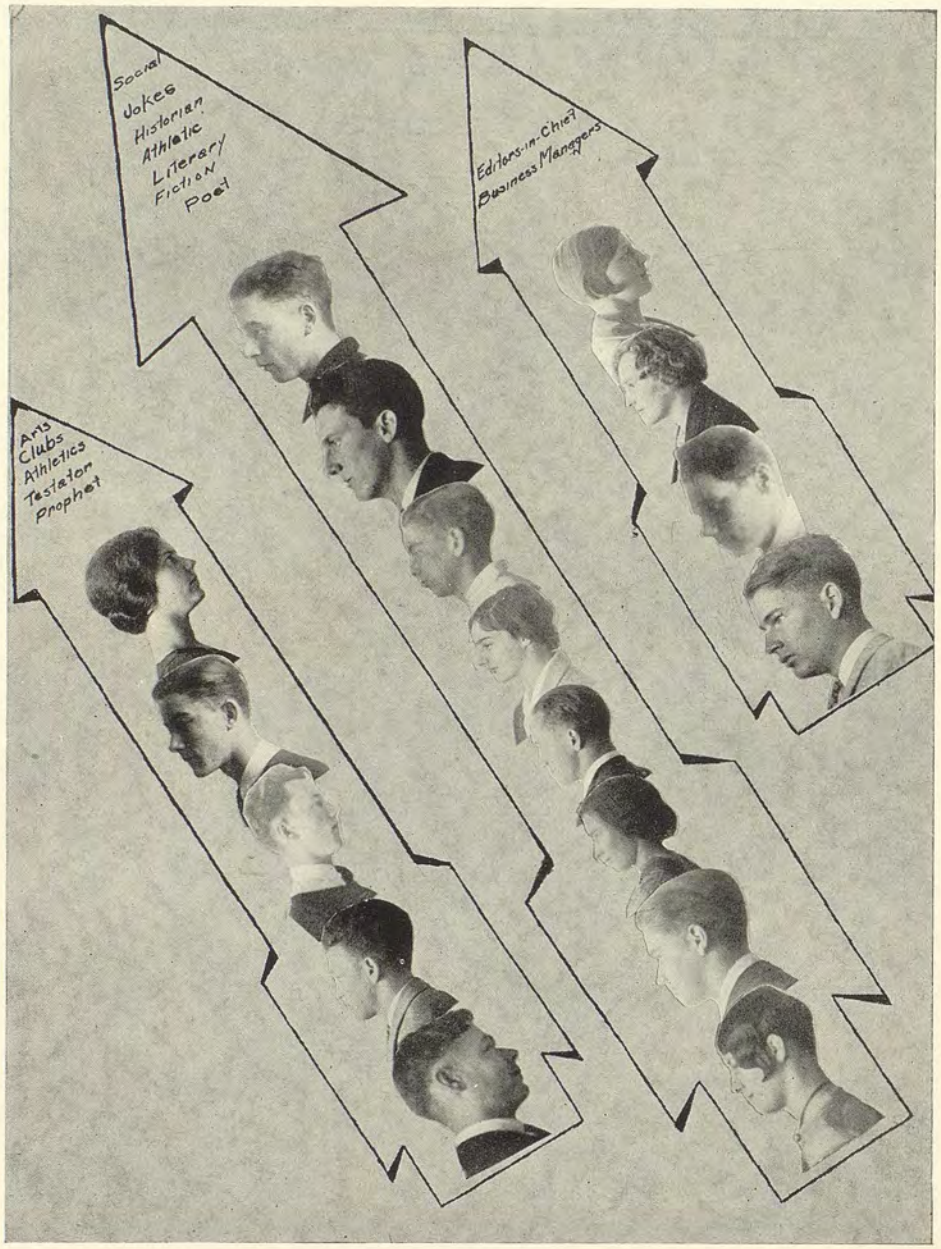
Sixth Grade

Cecil Bailey
Billy Bender
Gordon Dix
William Fitchett
Sidney Barban
Mowbray Henderson
Howard Hudson
Marshield Hunt
Elwood Lewis
Alfred Melson
Clifton Marsh
Billy Parsons
Robert Pratt
Robert Swann
William Thornton
Frederick Tyler
Jack Wilkins
Walter Wilson
Aubrey Williams
Ethel Bendall
Margaret Ewell
Mary Moore Hall
Alice Stevens Hogg
Sadie Lambertson
Georgia Lee
Elizabeth Stevenson
Iva Travis
Ione Townsend
Araminta White
Elizabeth Williams
Elsie Whitmore
Georgie Mae Chandler

Billy Wilkins

ORGANIZATIONS




Social
Jokes
Historian
Athletic
Literary
Fiction
Poet
Editors-in-Chief
Business Managers
Arts
Clubs
Athletics
Testator
Prophet



Student Council

President.....FRED HUDSON

Senior Representatives
Elizabeth Bennett Tom Nottingham

Junior Representatives
Agnes Schaefer Richard Dix

Sophomore Representatives
Katherine Forrest Fred Holland

Freshman Representatives
Clara Lowe Kennon Hancock

"YOU cannot believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world." More and more of the pupils of Cape Charles High School realize the value of honesty. They know that their honor consists not only in refraining from cheating, but also in maintaining proper attitudes with regards to profanity, misbehavior in halls and class rooms; that school property marred and property of other pupils used without consent of the owner are evil and unsocial acts, and have no part in the behavior of honorable members of a social body; and that only good, clean people make true citizens. For these reasons the Honor System has been established in C. C. H. S. It has grown and strengthened for six years, and this year has served its purpose more effectively than ever before. A.S.



Dramatic Club

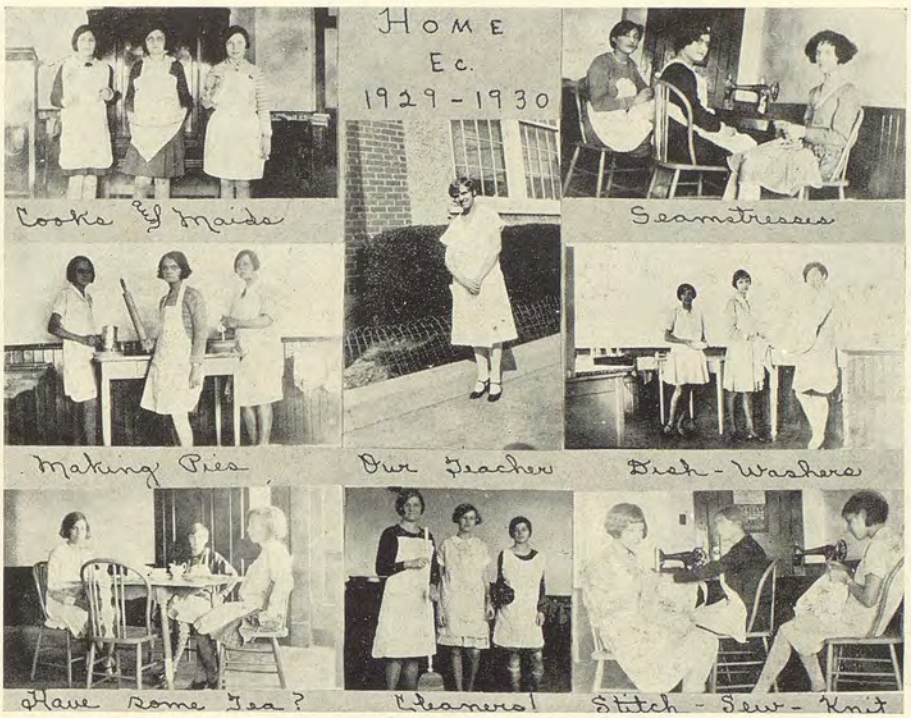
President ..... TOM NOTTINGHAM

Vice-President ..... BILL WAPLES

Secretary-Treasurer ..... SUSIE LYNCH

THE Dramatic Club having proved very successful last year, which was its first year, continues this term with aim to increase our stage equipment and also to assist students in dramatic work. The first half found us striving through many difficulties, since the meeting period was so many times given to other purposes; but as Franklin said, "Many a mickle makes a muckle," so we keep going, hoping that in June Mr. De Haven may say, "Well done, good and worth-while club, enter now upon your third year of growth and service." There has been one benefit play by Group III. The remaining groups are planning for other benefits.

F.H.



Home Economics

ALTHOUGH we are young and inexperienced, we are ready and willing to try to do our very best.

Every day we meet in our laboratory and cook or sew or discuss home problems. We expect to be real cooks and seamstresses when we reach High School.

Here we are:

Elizabeth Allen
Jennette Baker
Lucille Bennette
Oneta Brimer
Lillian Dyckman
Dorothy Ewell
Pauline Horner
Elsie Spencer
Dorothy Travis
Georgie Williams
Sallie Wilson
Margaret Andrews
Helen Brown
Jessie Bennette
Ruby Bundick
Annie May Davis
Mildred Jones
Maude Nottingham
Irma Stevenson
Margaret Travis
Emily Tyler
Dorothy Wise
Mary Lucrece Crumb

L.K.W.



Commercial Department

OUR department this year has a larger enrollment than it has had in the past. We have thirty-two students, and while the majority are taking only parts of the commercial course there are a few who are taking the complete course.

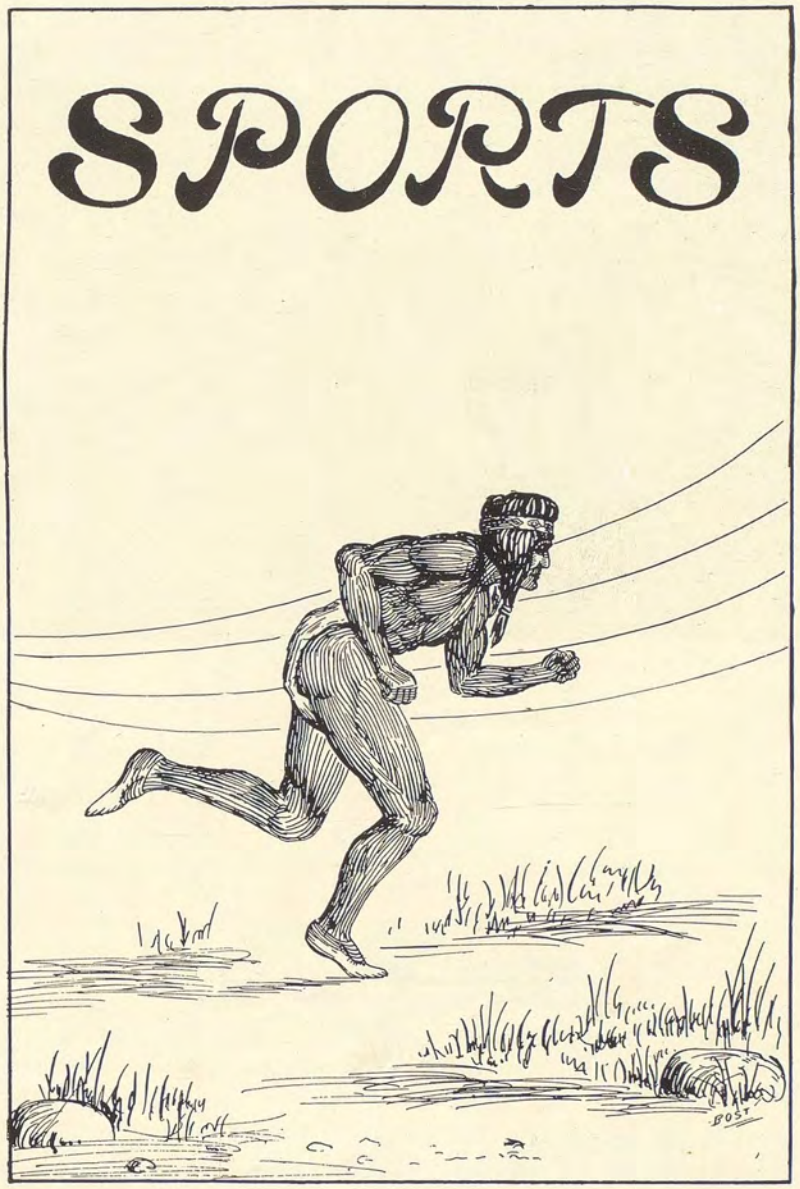
This year the department has put forth a special effort to enlarge its work. Through this effort to enlarge, we have been able to do school work for the teachers, and any work for the students which would affect the school in general. This outside commercial work has consisted in typing, duplicating and stenographic service. By doing this additional work the commercial department has become more interesting and helpful.

The typing and shorthand classes, this year, are looking forward with much interest to a contest which will be held during April. In this contest the students of the typing and shorthand classes of our school will compete with the same classes of other schools on the Eastern Shore.

Acknowledgment is here made of the untiring effort on the part of our commercial teacher, Miss Fanny Thomas, in trying to secure for the department new and modern furniture and also many other things which tend to make this a fuller and more complete course.

L. H. and E. C.

SPORTS





Sponsors

Baseball
SUSIE LYNCH

Basketball
VIRGINIA TURNER



Athletic Council

President ..... BILLY WAPLES

Vice-President ..... AGNES SCHAEFER

Secretary-Treasurer ..... FRANCIS RICHARDSON

Student Representatives

Clara Lowe Bob Powell

THE Athletic Council, since its organization three years ago, has managed the financial affairs of our school athletics with great efficiency and has marked itself as a worthy and necessary body in school functions. It so co-ordinates and correlates the athletic activities of the school that there is no lavish expenditure, but by careful discrimination on all affairs expense does not exceed the means.

F.H.

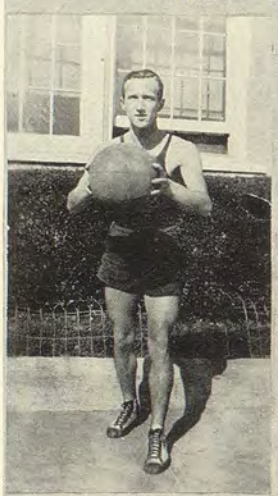






BARNES-L.G. NOTTINGHAM-C HUDSON-R.G.(Capt)

BASKETBALL



VADEN - L.F.

At the close of the season C. C. H. S. was in a tie with Capeville. The game was played off at Eastville and C. C. H. S. won by the score of 12-7, thereby giving us the championship and the right to represent Northampton County at William and Mary. Vaden scoring five points, and Hudson four, were easily the stars of the Capeville game.

At William and Mary C. C. H. S. won the first game from Parksley, but lost the next day in the semi-finals to Kempsville, the final winners of the tournament. Waples led the scoring by making five goals in the first game and four in the second. The great defensive playing of Nottingham and Barnes in these games was far above the standard.

W. W.



WAPLES-R.F.



Coach



Scrubs



Manager









HEATH-Infield VADEN-Pitcher-Capt. WAPLES-Catcher POWELL-Pitcher

BASEBALL

N.H. HURT  COACH



CARROW-Infield

The last part of March will see our boys out at "Patton Field" hard at work for the coming baseball season. Our slogan this year is, "Watch Out for C. C. H. S. and the Championship." With most of the regulars back and capable substitutes coming out, our team should make a good showing.

W. W.



DETWILER-Infield









BARNES-Outfield Dix-Infield HUDSON-Outfield NEIGHBORS-Outfield



Girls' Basketball

THE girls' basketball team for the '29-'30 term under the able coaching of Miss Ware, completed a successful season with the same high percentage that they attained last year. The high light of the season was the defeat of Franktown in a double-header by our girls in which our all-around team work gave us the victories.

Captain—Lowe *Coach*—Miss Ware *Manager*—Ames

Fowards	*Centers*	*Guards*
Lowe	Wise	Brown, T.
Travis	Schaefer	Turner

Substitutes

Bledsoe Chelec Brown, S. B.

W.W.



Girls' Volley Ball

When the girls start Volley Ball practice they will have a strong lot of veterans with which to build a team. This year our girls expect to finish high in the race for the Volley Ball championship of the County.

Captian—C. Lowe

Coach—Miss Ware

Lowe	Forrest	Jones
Wise	Coleburn	Brown, S. B.
Travis	Schaefer	Bledsoe

W.W.

Why?

Why must we study circles and squares,
Till our heads are ready to burst everywheres,
And over History heave many a sigh,
As our beloved heroes one by one die?

Another thing I wish to ask,
Why is English such a task?
Can't one ever know enough
About Greek, Latin, and all such stuff?

Just one thing more I want to land,
For, to save my life, I don't understand
If the earth revolves (and they say 'tis true),
How does it keep from spilling me and you?

Last, but not at all least,
Before my line of questions cease,
If there had never been a me,
Wouldn't there have been a great gap in this human sea?



FEATURES



Eastern Shore Fifty Years Ago and Now

IT is difficult for the present generation to realize that less than fifty years ago the Eastern Shore of Virginia was without a railroad, hence it is true that before then we were almost an isolated people, engaged chiefly in repairing the ruins wrought by the Civil War. No kind of industry proceeded on an extensive scale; a few crops such as corn, round and sweet potatoes, which were grown in limited quantities were our staples, while farms produced yearly not more than one hundred barrels of potatoes each. Sail boats and two steamers which plied between the Eastern Shore, Baltimore, and Norfolk were depended upon as means of travel and transportation. Produce was carted in some instances over roads almost impassable to wharves where boats arrived at designated times.

Money was scare and hard to earn but our people were industrious, lived comfortably, and were contented in the vision of a better day. About six miles apart the one-room school houses satified the educational requirements of the day with a curriculum of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Time went on with a few changes until the building of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad in 1884, having for its terminus Cape Charles—now our lovely little city on the Chesapeake Bay. The coming of the railroad furnished a new outlook on life and new experiences as we were in direct touch with the rest of the country and could expect quick transportation for our produce and quick returns for the sales. A variety of crops that required rapid marketing could be produced and shipped without perishing in transit.

With the advent of the railroad came the telegraph system, that rapid transmitter of human thought. We could receive a message from relatives or friends living miles away and have the opportunity of reaching the bedside before a loved one died. An artery of the great railroad system had connected us with the heart of the world and the people of the Eastern Shore realized that a new day had dawned for them.

At first progress was hardly perceptible but slowly development took place in the industrial and economic life of our people. Farmers purchased the latest farm machinery and planted larger crops; our people built new and more comfortable homes; pumps for water took the place of the well and the old wooden bucket; stoves took the place of open fire places; roads which had been almost impassable received attention; the daily arrival of newspapers and magazines, which hitherto had been received only once a week, kept the people's minds informed as to politics and the general news of the country; the church, the country store and the county seat became the principal gathering places of the people.

Thus crept by with its slow changes the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Evolution, not Revolution had prepared us for the new era. We were keenly alive to the new world of interests and opportunity which the twentieth century had brought. Scientists were making new discoveries and inventors were revolutionizing the industrial world. Better educational facilities had made the young people more capable of adopting new ideas and of adapting themselves to a new world than their

parents had been. They learned to till the soil scientifically so that in a few years lands grew rich in production and instead of a farm producing a few barrels of potatoes it measured its yield by thousands. In 1880 less than one thousand carloads of potatoes were shipped from the county; in 1919 twenty-four thousand carloads were shipped; in 1929 this figure had grown to thirty-eight thousand—we wait to see what the next decade will bring. The people realized the wonderful possibilities of their soil and continued improvements until today the Eastern Shore is, by federal survey the most productive farming section in the United States. As the land grew richer in the yield of potatoes, cabbages and berries, the farmers grew more wealthy and with wealth came luxuries.

The peoples of the Eastern Shore want the good things of life and if possible will have them. In 1906 the automobile made its advent in our county—the first ever seen by the majority of our people. It was owned by the Huff Brothers of Cheriton. Some of the people looked with awe at the wonderful machine passing by and solemnly declared they would never risk their lives in a dangerous thing like that. Some even went so far as to say that such noisome uncertain devices were a menace to all horse drawn vehicles since they frightened the animals beyond control, and, therefore, should be outlawed. Time brings changes and the minds of the people change with the times. Today every family that can afford it owns an automobile and many who can not afford it own one also. This year three thousand license tags were sold at the Northampton office alone.

Less than thirty years ago there were no telephones on the shore while today the Bell Telephone system has a phone installed in most of the homes. On January 31st, 1930, there were two thousand six hundred and nine telephones in service in Northampton and Accomac counties. Electric plants have been established on the peninsular which furnish us current for illumination and power in our homes, both in the country and the villages. Labor saving inventions operated by electricity have made house-keeping a joy to the country woman.

The high schools and churches of the Shore will do credit to any city of larger population. In Northampton county there are six accredited high schools—the graduates of which are accepted in the best colleges and universities. The pupils of the schools are housed, with one exception, in up-to-date brick buildings representing a monetary value of approximately three quarters of a million dollars. Cape Charles High School, the pioneer of these buildings, built in 1912, was for ten years the only brick school building on the Shore. Franktown, built before the "brick era," is a splendid frame plant offering superior advantages in the Agricultural and Home Economics Departments. Northampton county can also boast of six well built and well arranged Baptist churches, seven Methodist churches, three Presbyterian churches, two Episcopal churches, and one Catholic church. An up-to-date concrete road has just been completed connecting us with the Maryland State road. The "hay-seed" farmer no longer exists. We are keeping up with the times.

Everyday we see air ships flying over our heads and in the near future our wealthy neighbors will have aereoplanes of their own. The Eastern Shore has great natural resources capable of a variety of developments. She has wonderful soil, a mild climate, and is nearly surrounded by the great arms of the Atlantic Ocean, waterways that lead to the ends of the world.

L. C.

Our Page of Antiques

"Hedric Cottage," the original home of Col. Edmund Scarburgh, is on Occahanock Creek, below Craddockville. It is a fair example of the style of house used by many of the oldest Eastern Shore settlers. The interior is made lovely by carved panelling, mantles and cupboards.

The Court House at Eastville, the county seat, boasts of the oldest continuous records in America. Some of these records date from 1632.

Mt. Custis is five miles from Accomac Court House on Parker's Creek—Metompkin Bay. An ancient grave here reads:

Colonel Henry Custis
Son of Robinson and Mary Custis
Born July 28, 1743
Died May 27, 1793

This gives you some idea of the age of the homestead. The plantation was for many years in the Bayly family. The late Mrs. Louis McLane Tiffany willed it to be sold and the proceeds to be given to the University of Virginia. It has eight miles of beach, eight hundred acres of land, and stands in a beautiful grove.

The *"Oldest House"* now standing intact on the Eastern Shore was built in 1630. It is said that Governor Berkley was once entertained here. The woodwork, mantels and cupboards are unusually interesting.

"Eyre Hall," three miles from Cheriton, is the original home of the Eyre family. The oldest grave there has an English coat-of-arms on it and the date 1706. The original furniture is still in the house, and a beautiful old garden there is of special interest.

"Woodlands," on the Seaside Road above Nassawadox, is the home of Miss Sallie Thomas. It was built by Margaret Downing in 1770, before the Revolution.

"Bowman's Folly" is three miles from Accomac Court House. It was built by Col. Southey Littleton before 1720, but later passed into the Cropper and Joynes families. It is now owned by Miss Anne Cropper, who lives in Italy.

"Oak Grove," in Old Towne Neck, is the home of T. D. Smith, and was built over 200 years ago. It remained in the Parker and Costin families many years. There is a tradition that a son of Gov. Tazewell mounted his horse between the two great oaks on the front lawn and shot himself because a fair member of the Parker family had spurned him.

"Sylvian Scene," the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bullitt Fitzhugh, is near Machipongo, off the stone road. It was built by Hancock Dunton, grandson of John Hancock, over 200 years ago. Dr. Philip Aylett Fitzhugh, grandson of Patrick Henry, is buried there.

St. George's Church was the fourth church on the peninsula. It was built between 1652 and 1660. It is located at Pungoteague. On account of its peculiar shape it was irreverently styled, "Ace of clubs." The old church remained intact until pressed into service as a stable by Col. Lockwood, of the Federal army, during the Civil War. The first rector was Thomas Teackle.


Hedric Cottage
Woodlands
Sylvian Scene
Eastville Courthouse
Kendall Grove
Mount Custis
Bowman's Folly
St. George Church
Eastern Shore's Oldest Home
The Glebe
Eyre Hall
Oak Grove
Hungar's Church

30's Diary

Sept. 11—Trouble begins.
Sept. 24—Class organized.
Sept. 27—School visited by Rotary Club.
Oct. 1—Student Council starts work.
Oct. 3—Class Rings ordered.
Oct. 4—Freshmen initiated. (And how!)
Oct. 8—Play—"Charley's Aunt." Library benefit.
Oct. 10—Activities Period organized.
Oct. 21—Political Speakers at High School.
Oct. 22—Dramatics Club organized.
Oct. 23—First basketball game of season. (Boys.)
Nov. 1—Freshman Hallow'een Party.
Nov. 7—Excitement when class rings arrive.
Nov. 12—Seniors give Miss Outten shower.
Nov. 13, 14, 15—Annual benefit for Firemen, "The Only Girl."
Nov. 22—Mammoth Carnival at High School.
Nov. 26-30—Thanksgiving Holidays. (At last!)
Dec. 3—Boys win basketball championship. (Oh, Boys!)
Dec. 5—Basketball team competes at Williamsburg. (Alas!)
Dec. 13—Favored by visit of school officials.
Dec. 18—Junior play—"I'll Explain Everything."
Dec. 20—Santa Claus visits high school.
Dec. 20-Jan. 2—Christmas Holidays. (Hurrah!)
Jan. 3—All the fun's over. Back at school.
Jan. 10—Visited by preachers of Cape Charles.
Jan. 16—Basketball Girls entertain the Boys.
Jan. 22—School visited by noted Englishmen, Mr. Duxbury and Son.
Jan. 28—Visited again by preachers.
Jan. 29-31—The Climax. (Exams.) Horrors!
Feb. 3-10—Take pictures for Annual.
Feb. 6—Sophomore Class serves lunch.
Feb. 7—Celebrate Lincoln's Birthday.
Feb. 11—Group play—"Do Your Worst."
Feb. 14—Juniors entertain the Seniors.
Feb. 21—Celebrate Washington's Birthday.
Feb. 27—Annual goes to press.

A. W. C.


LONGIE CLUB
HUNTER'S CLUB
HEAVEN
CHEWING CLUB
"Climax Prefered"
"SPEEDY"
WALKING CLUB
Pres— SPEED
Vice Pres - SPEEDY
Sec— SPEEDS
Treas— SPEEDING
FATIGUE CLUB
LOVER'S CLUB

In Our Library

"A Comedy of Errors"	Test Papers
"The Spoiler"	The Faculty
"The Innocents Abroad"	Freshmen
"The Unattainable"	A+
"The Turning Point"	C
"The Fighting Chance"	D—
"The Climax"	June, 1930
"By Right of Conquest"	The Graduates
"How It Happened"	Interest + Effort
"The House of Happiness"	C. C. H. S.
"The Battle Ground"	Math Class
"The Pilgrim's Progress	First grade to graduation
"The Call of the Wild"	Assembly bell at 10 A. M.
"Little Men"	Tom Jr., Billy Waples and Dick Dix
"The Long Roll"	Failures
"Soldiers of Fortune"	Seniors
"In the Depths"	Day after exams
"The Turmoil"	Preparing for the school supper
"Shall I Win Her"	Robert Reynolds
"The Reign of the Law"	No smoking on school grounds
"The Southerner"	All of us
"Old Curiosity Shop"	Miss Sara's cloak room
"The Three Musketeers"	Randolph, Junior and Willis
"The Postmaster"	Fred Holland
"Uncle Remus and His Friends"	Ruffian and students
"Seventeen"	Seniors
"Won by Waiting"	Diplomas
"Japanese Fairy Tales"	Excuses for neglect of lessons

The Cruise of the Ambition

(Winning Short Story)

THE good ship "Ambition" lay at her dock in the harbor of "Inexperience" waiting for her crew to take on supplies for the long, grinding trip of four years across the sea of "Temptation" to the port of "Graduation."

Her passenger list included travelers of nearly every known nationality. They were boarding the "Ambition," not for a vacation or a pleasure cruise, but as a means to gather in all the information possible pertaining to their life's work; some hoping against hope that a chance event would offer itself as an inspiration, influencing their souls to be of some service to mankind; others planning to get all the possible information that could be used for their own personal advantage and not thinking of any one else's welfare.

After the crew had taken on all the available supplies it went into council. This particular crew was one of the best that could be procured. It was known, by all the shipping crews that had ever sailed into the port of "Graduation," as the "Honor Council." This title had been given because of the courage and excellent seamanship of these brave sailors on the high seas of "Temptation." The immediate purpose of the meeting was to plan the voyage and to assign to each member of the crew some particular work. The combined duty of this crew was to carry the ship's passengers safely to their destination.

Six weeks they sailed with a steady trade and a steady current that set them far beyond the reach of any shoreline. At the beginning of the seventh week there was a restless stir on board as the sun set and the moon appeared from beyond the sailing clouds. There seemed to be many clouds this night. The mate with the eye of an eagle stood on the bow-sprit, his tall grey figure slashing up and down, first against the stars and then into the ocean. At length the mate left his post of duty, with a despairing look upon his face, scrambled down from his unrestful perch, and went aft to announce to the captain that a storm was brewing off the port.

The moon went behind the low over-hanging clouds, not to appear again. The wind became a mighty giant pounding the little ship "Ambition" at its will. The water which a few hours before was a slow, lazy ripple, now became a vast ex-

panse of mountainous waves. The little ship now suddenly disappeared behind a mountain of water as though never to rise again, but in some miraculous manner it re-appeared, only to be met by the next on-rushing deluge.

The captain and the mate were all in the pilot house, their eyes straining for any possible sight of land. Down in the saloon the passengers were grouped together, some terror-stricken, others trying to re-assure those who thought they would never reach port.

All the night long the storm raged. The crew, remaining at their posts of duty, were called upon to put to practice all their knowledge of seamanship.

The storm broke as quickly as it came. Dawn brought a new world of quiet to the crew of the "Ambition." Off to the east the heavens were dyed with a faint orange tinted with blue. The peace of the waters was as a soothing balm in contrast to the turmoil of the night before. In the ship's log could be found these lines, "Encountered last night the storm known in these parts as the 'Storm of Doubt.' Spirits of crew and passengers lowered somewhat, but no severe losses suffered."

The next three years brought many days of pleasure to the crew and passengers. Many of these days were overshadowed by the storms of "Doubt," by fevers, known in the South Seas as the "Criticism Plague," and by punishments inflicted upon the passengers by the captain and crew—punishments, which were the results of dishonor and disloyalty, caused by the restlessness of the passengers.

The four years were rapidly drawing to a close. Everyone on shipboard was in suspense as to what kind of port they were approaching. Some were chafing to get away from the ship, which had held them prisoners for four years. Others reluctant to bid good-bye to friends whom they had made during the voyage, and whom they had learned to understand, felt their joy tinged with regret as the days sped by. Then came the end, as ends must come. "Friends," said our brave captain coming into the dining room one evening, "today is June 6. Tomorrow at 8 P. M. we make port. You can obtain your passports or diplomas when you reach port. Be at the company's office immediately on landing. In the mean time, make the best of this, your last day together.

June 7 dawned bright and clear. Passengers and crew were out early, loathe to lose a single precious moment of the few remaining hours. Most of the passengers

were at the rails watching the silver billows rolling gently, to die away on some far distant shore. From the bridge, a voice was heard to say, "Land Ho." As the ship drew nearer the little speck in the distance was clearly seen to be land. Quickly, more quickly, our ship cut the blue waters leaving a silver mark as she went. Lines loomed up on the shore, melted into each other, and finally grew into spires, trees, and houses. The shore line was complete.

When the ship docked, those who had already crossed the sea of "Temptation," lined the piers waiting to greet the newcomers. The gang-plank was put out, and everyone went ashore. A few over-looked the captain's warning, and failed to get their passports validated. The others, however, stopped at the office, got the precious papers and hurried on.

Now that everyone was ashore, they looked about to familiarize themselves with this great city of "Graduation." In the far distance, they saw a river, called by the captain, the river of "Opportunity." They were informed that by following this river they would find lands unknown. Some of the passengers of the "Ambition" eagerly received this information, and set out in search of new lands and new experiences. They found the river rough, frequented with falls, and the land through which it flowed hilly and rocky; but at its source, they were rewarded, with the "Land of Plentiful Resources." These are with the doers of the world's work.

Others were contented to stay at the waters edge. Here they lived the same life day in, and day out. These are among the dead heads and parasites of society.

The thrill of landing and dipping into the unknown has made our travelers forget even the usual words of goodbye. "Well," sighed the captain, "forgotten so soon. Come, mates. Let us clean house and get ready for the next start in September."

R. D.

Never To Be Forgotten

I. "Hurry up! Here comes Miss Dunton!" Will we ever forget those words? As we rushed into history class, Fred yelled: "Look out!" and fell sprawling on the floor with all of us on top of him.

II. "Det" is quite interested in the parachute—Mr. DeHaven thought too interested, as he strode across the diamond to prevent "Det" from jumping from the top of the school building with an umbrella as a parachute.

III. We acquired, during the year, eight new members to the senior class. Poor fish! Their names are: Percival, Cleopatra, Oswald, Oscar, Nicholas, Reg. W., Mike and Ike. We are sorry that Reg. W. succumbed just before Christmas.

IV. Did you hear about the burglar breaking in Dr. Vaden's? At least Boob, who was washing his hands, thought it was a burglar and yelling, "Don't move, or I'll shoot!" threw a cake of coap at—Milbourne. Mil was as frightened as Boob.

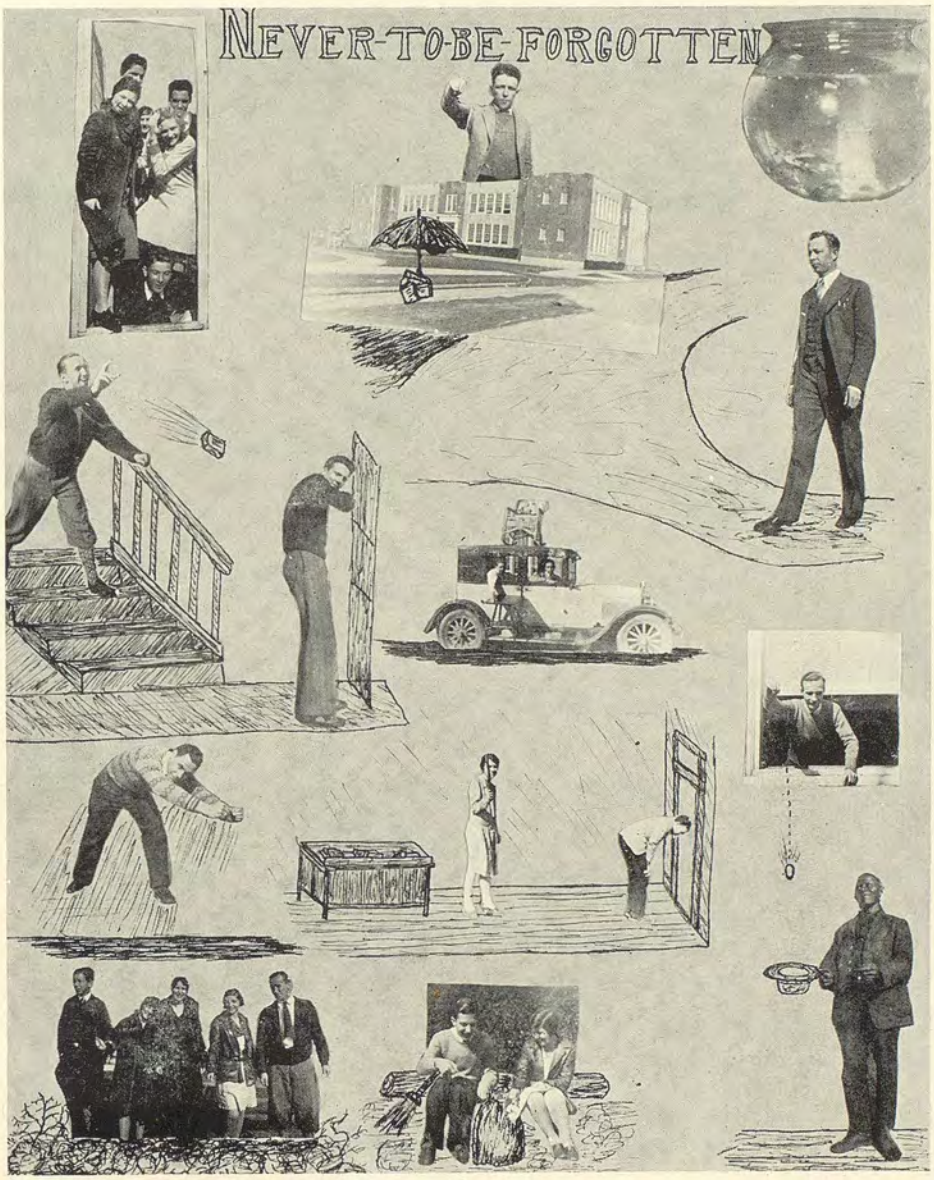
V. "Taxi!" "Moving Van!" Jesse Carroll and his Willys Knight are really invaluable to the school and students.

VI. "Come on, boys and girls. Three cheers for Cape Charles!" With this, "Deggy" began the dramatic gyrations of a cheer leader. Just as he jumped in the air, Miss Sara came back into English (?) class—???

VII. When Det heard the disturbance outside history class, he decided to investigate. His position being of the right angle, Miss Dunton decided to have a little fun, but Det's sixth sense made him turn around just in time to prevent a whack.

VIII. "Hey, Ruffin! Will you catch this egg?" "Yes, Darling," replied Ruffin, as he held out his hat. At this Dick gently dropped a fresh egg into the surprised Ruffin's hat. Did the egg break? Does a duck like water?

IX. Ask Agnes and Jessie Carroll how many "snipes" they caught on the hunt. Although the joke is on them, they seem to be enjoying it as much as those who are watching.


NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

Songs of the Seniors

Ye wise and ye fools, come list to our ditty,
The tale of the wonderful class of '30;
Of sages and artists the brightest and smartest,
The latest and finest of C. C. H. sturdy.

Oh, well we remember those days in September
When thirsting for knowledge, we sought the Hall,
And passed through her portals—these Seventeen Immortals
Determined to conquer, what'ever might befall.

Not Latin nor English could make our grit vanish,
Nor History's struggle of Tory and Whig;
Tho Chemistry teased us, Biology pleased us,
But naught was so charming as spherical Trig.

There's Cobb, the musician, who has the ambition
To make Paderewski look way out of date;
The gentle Fred Hudson, who keeps Neighbors from rushing,
And Billy and Kathleen, who never come late(?)

De Haven keeps praisin' those juicy old raisins
He gets down at....., the best place in town;
Shrimpski with his "Lizzie" keeps traffic cops busy,
While Susie and Miss Sara get in just at nine.

Arthur Copes' singing fresh laurels is bringin'
Elizabeth Bennett's piano is harvesting fame.
Jew Richardson, the actor, (and classe dues extractor,)
Will shine in a spot-light—but what's in a name?

Athletic endeavor has rendered us clever,
Boob Vaden and Deggy would grace any league;
And then we should mention and call your intention
To Turner and Schaefer, to Mercer so trig.

In argumentation we've won reputation,
With Lola and Detwiler far in the lead;
In questions perplexing and problems quite vexing
For clear explanations just run right to Heath.

Now this is our story so brimful of glory
That others beside it grow sickly and pale;
Our past and our present look equally pleasant
And hope guides our future, so why should we fail?

ART GALLERY







Best All Round Boy - - - - - - Fred Hudson
Best All Round Girl - - - - Virginia Turner
Most Popular Boy - - - - - - - - - Fred Hudson
Most Popular Girl - - - - - - - Virginia Turner
Best Athlete Boy - - - - - - - Billy Waples
Best Athlete Girl - - - - - - - - Clara Lowe
Best Looking Boy - - Richard Dix - Wilton Heath
Prettiest Girl - - - - - - - Virginia Turner
Best Actor - - - - - - - - - Lola Cobb
Laziest - - - - - - - - - - Robert Powell
Chatterbox - - - - - - - - Dickie Parks
Teacher's Pet - - - - - - Milton Stevenson
Everybodies Friend - - - Katherine Forrest
Cleverest - - - - - - - - - Louis Chelec
Biggest Grind - - - - - - - Lola Cobb
Tightest - - - - - - - - Francis Richardson
Best All Round Senior - - Virginia Turner
Best All Round Junior - - Richard Dix
Best All Round Sophmore - Katherine Forrest
Best All Round Freshman - Clara Lowe









VOTING-RETURNS













We Wonder What Would Happen IF—

Miss Sara's contracts were short and easy?

Lola couldn't ask questions?

Kathleen were made to stop talking?

Speedy couldn't walk?

Willis Parsons lost his sense of taste?

Katherine Forrest were put on a diet?

Randy and Junior should become studious?

Jesse Carroll didn't have the Willys Knight?

Everybody were quiet in History Class?

Louis and Granville didn't quarrel?

Dicky talked in a soft voice?

Mr. De Haven were not absent-minded?

Agnes and Jesse Carroll had caught a "Snipe?"

Geometry classes made all A's?

Arthur were ever made to hurry?

Mary Schaefer and Virginia Turner couldn't "giggle"?

Fred ever had another crush?

All the teachers would do as the students wish?

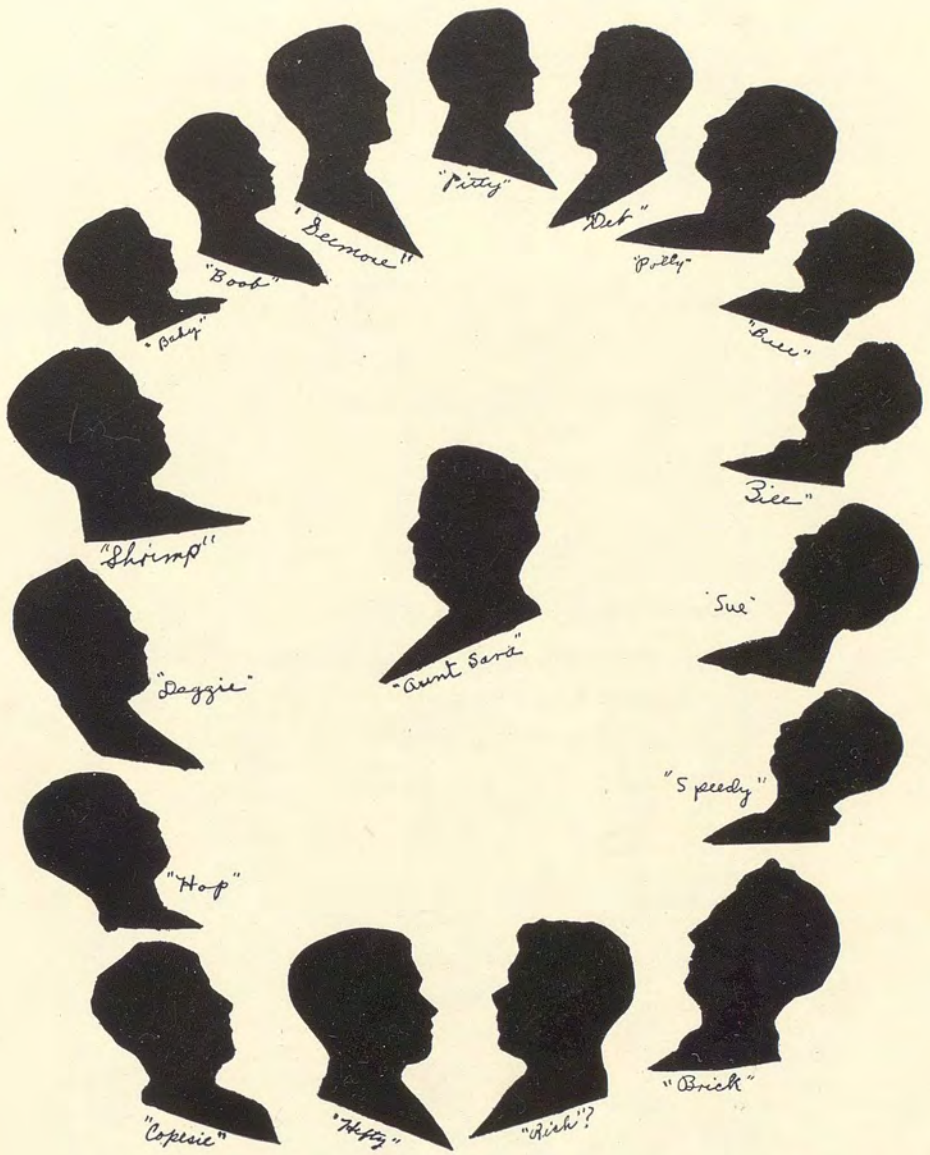
Billy Waples' hands were tied?

Cupid didn't fly around school?

Reports came out on time?

We didn't have Ruffin?

The Seniors were really "Angels"?


"Pitty"
"Dick"
"Polly"
"Boob"
"Belmore"
"Baby"
"Bill"
"Bill"
"Shrimp"
"Aunt Sara"
"Sue"
"Daggie"
"Speedy"
"Hop"
"Brick"
"Copsie"
"Hefty"
"Rich"?

Ode to Woolley

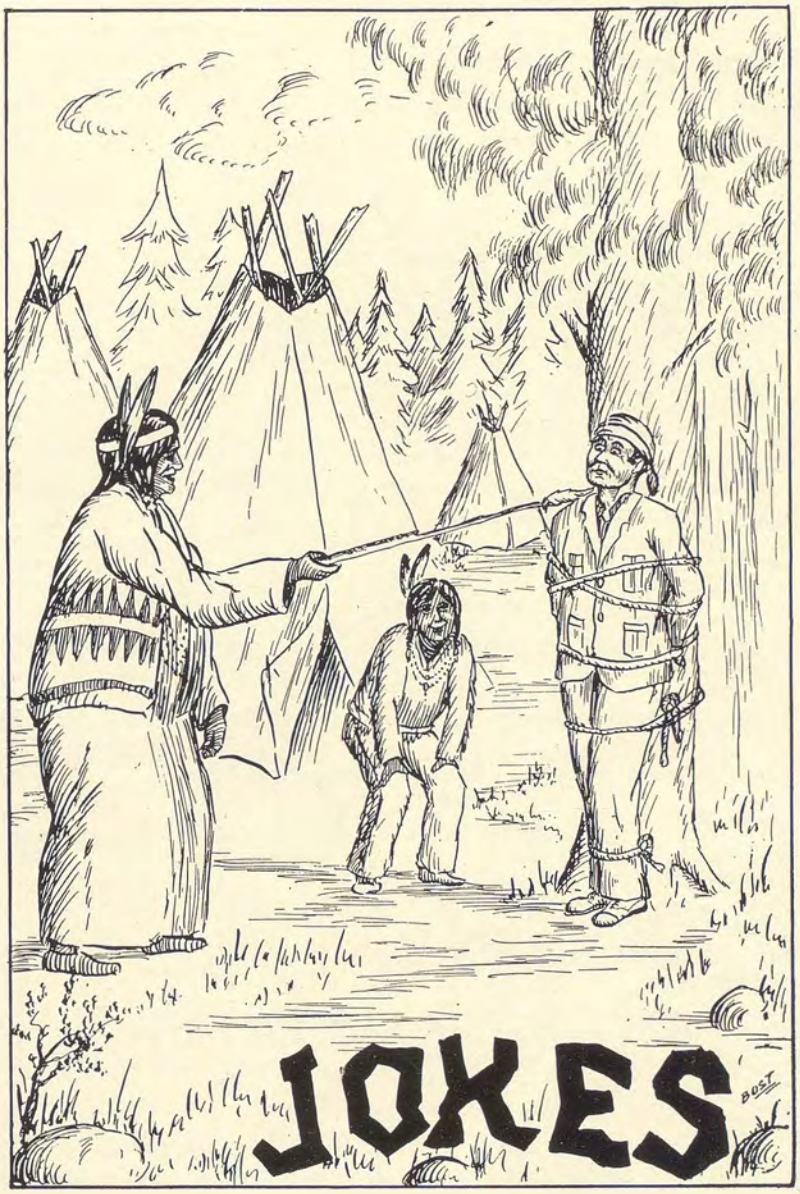
Of all things in creation
I detest punctuation!
It's dash! dash! dash! dash!
It's dot! dot! dot! dot!

Whene'er you think
You've got it right,
Be very sure you've not.

There's work to kill a nation
In Woolley's punctuation.
For your brains go crash;
Your eyes go doty dot.

And lest you think
You've got it right,
Be very sure you've not.

It's a horrible sensation
To suffer punctuation.
Your wits may go to smash,
But "D" is all your lot.


JOKES

Jokes

Miss Dunton: Someone in this room is making a dunce of themselves. When they stop, I will start.

▼ ▼ ▼

Grayson Vaden: (reading his English Composition) Shakespeare left his home at an early age and went to New York.

▼ ▼ ▼

Freshman, to Jr. Baker: Do you know Randolph McMath?
Jr.: Sure. I sleep next to him in Chemistry.

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Sarah, to Caesar class: When in doubt, always look at your appendix.
Billy Carrow, sorely distressed: Miss Sarah, I'm sorry but I was operated on for mine last summer."

▼ ▼ ▼

What is Scotland Yard?
Too feet, eleven inches.

▼ ▼ ▼

Why is Wilton Heath's going into aviation like Maxwell House Coffee?
Good to the last drop.

▼ ▼ ▼

Guide: And this is a skyscraper.
Miss Dunton, on first trip to city: Oh! How I'd like to see it work.

▼ ▼ ▼

Mr. De Haven, in Home Ec. room: Who spilled the mustard on the waffles?
Miss Wright: How could you? This is lemon pie.

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Ware: Where did Goldsmith get his inspiration to write his "Deserted Village?"
Francis Richardson: He visited Glasgow, Scotland, on tag day.

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Sarah: Who can tell me who Shylock was?
Dickie Parks: A choo!
Miss Sarah: Correct.

▼ ▼ ▼

Norman Merritt: Earl, your brother has an arched look.
Earl Butler: What do you mean?
Norman: Bow legs.

▼ ▼ ▼

Grayson: A hold-up man cleaned me out, watch, money and everything.
Billy: I thought you had a revolver on you.
Grayson: I did but he didn't find that.

▼ ▼ ▼

Longie to longie,
And dust to dust,
Boob don't like to wear 'em,
But Dr. says he must.

W. W.

Miss Thomas: Billy, is your dog clever?
Bill: I should say so! When I say "Are you coming or aren't you?" he comes or he doesn't.

▼ ▼ ▼

Who is the champion light weight of our town?
The championship is being decided between Wilton Heath and Reginald Barnes, working at Pender's.

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Ware: Earl, why didn't you write that original composition?
Earl Cutler: Eloise is sick, Miss Ware.

▼ ▼ ▼

Mary Schaefer: I hear Grayson is teaching you how they play baseball.
Susie: Yes. But when I asked him what a squeeze play was, I think he put one over on me.

▼ ▼ ▼

Dr. Vaden: I've got a freak at my house—a two legged calf.
Dr. Lynch: I know. He came around to see my daughter last night.

▼ ▼ ▼

Mr. Smith: Just think! While I was out with some of the fellows the other night, a burgler broke into the house.
Mr. Topping: Did he get anything?
Mr. Smith: I'll say he did. My wife thought it was me coming home.

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Thomas: Use the word allot in a sentence.
Katherine Forrest: That is a lot to ask.

▼ ▼ ▼

Genevieve Startt, sitting at typing machine: Billy, bring me an eraser, please.
Billy, taking one from blackboard: Certainly.

▼ ▼ ▼

Mrs. Smith: Miss Thomas dismissed her class 30 minutes too soon. Was it a date to go for a ride in a Dodge or was it *really* her watch being fast?
Mr. DeHaven: Both.

▼ ▼ ▼

Mr. DeHaven: I hear you had some trouble with lumbago.
Mr. Hurt: No. That wasn't her name.

▼ ▼ ▼

Kind old lady: Young man, why are you standing there throwing stones at that poor little boy?
Billy Parsons: Because I can't go closer. He's got the whooping cough.

▼ ▼ ▼

Rawley Fleet: I liked Dr. Battle's talk. I could have listened to him a lot longer.
Emily Gordon: Well, I liked Mrs. McGuire's better. I could count her pages and knew when she was going to sit down, but I couldn't tell whether he was going to sit down or not.

▼ ▼ ▼

Lola Cobb: I want a nice picture for Miss Outten's wedding present.
Clerk: Yes, Miss. Here is one very suitable, "The Approaching Storm."

▼ ▼ ▼

Miss Dunton: What is the "Marseillaise"?
Arthur Copes: The theme song of the French Revolution.

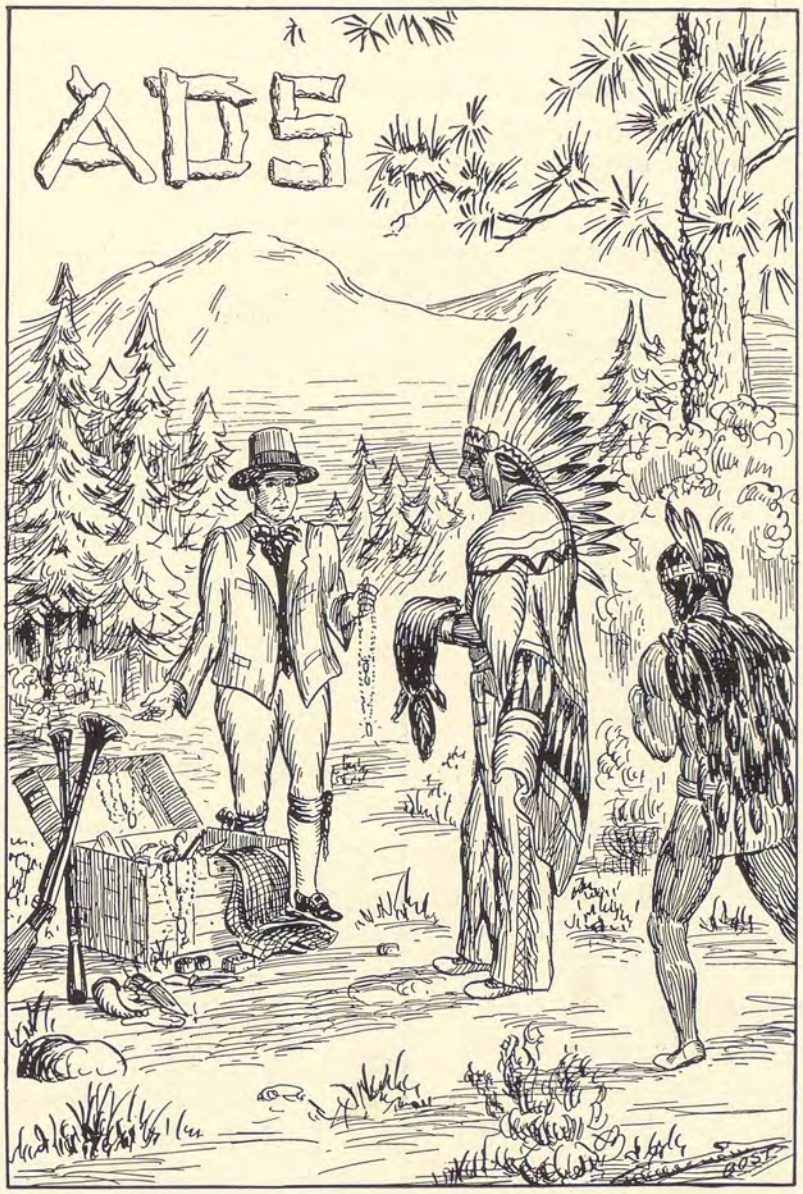
M. N. and B. M.

In Conclusion

If aught in these pages
Your spirit enrages,
Consider before you give voice.
This may seem quite rough,
But for some of the stuff—
You really have cause to rejoice.

If we had just hinted
(What some wanted printed)
Your fate then indeed would be hard.
We said only the best,
Suppressed all the rest;
The really mean things were disbarred.

We think it has snap,
And we don't care a rap.
Just one word, and then we are through.
Whatever we say,
We stand for fair play—
We didn't tell all that we knew!


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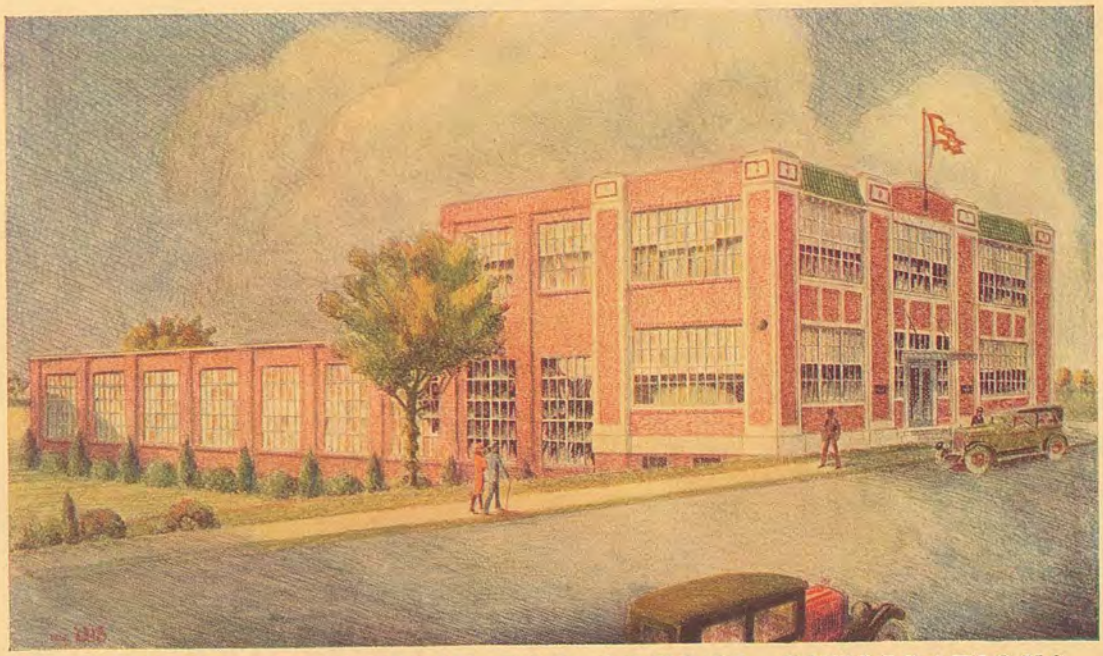
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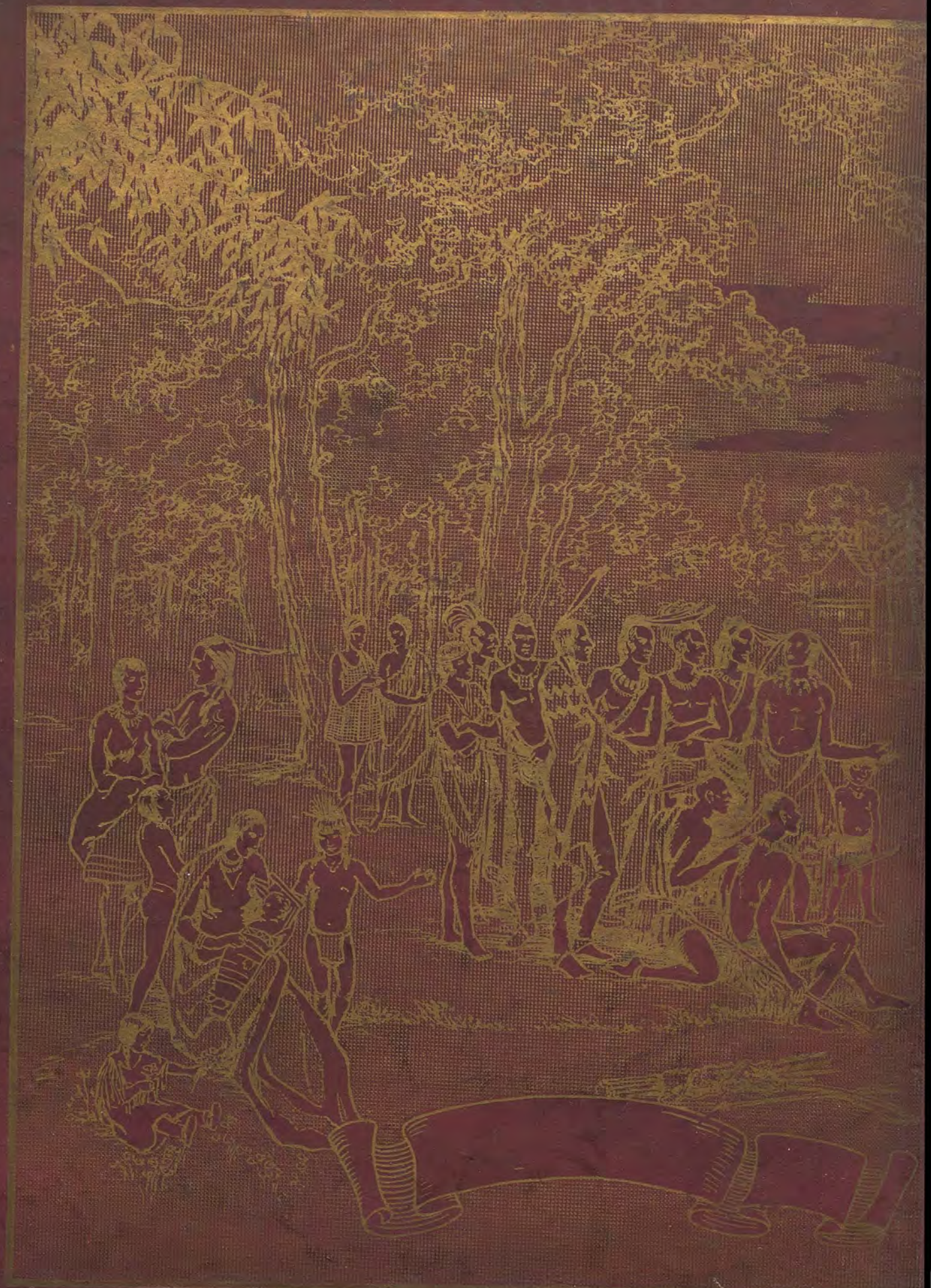
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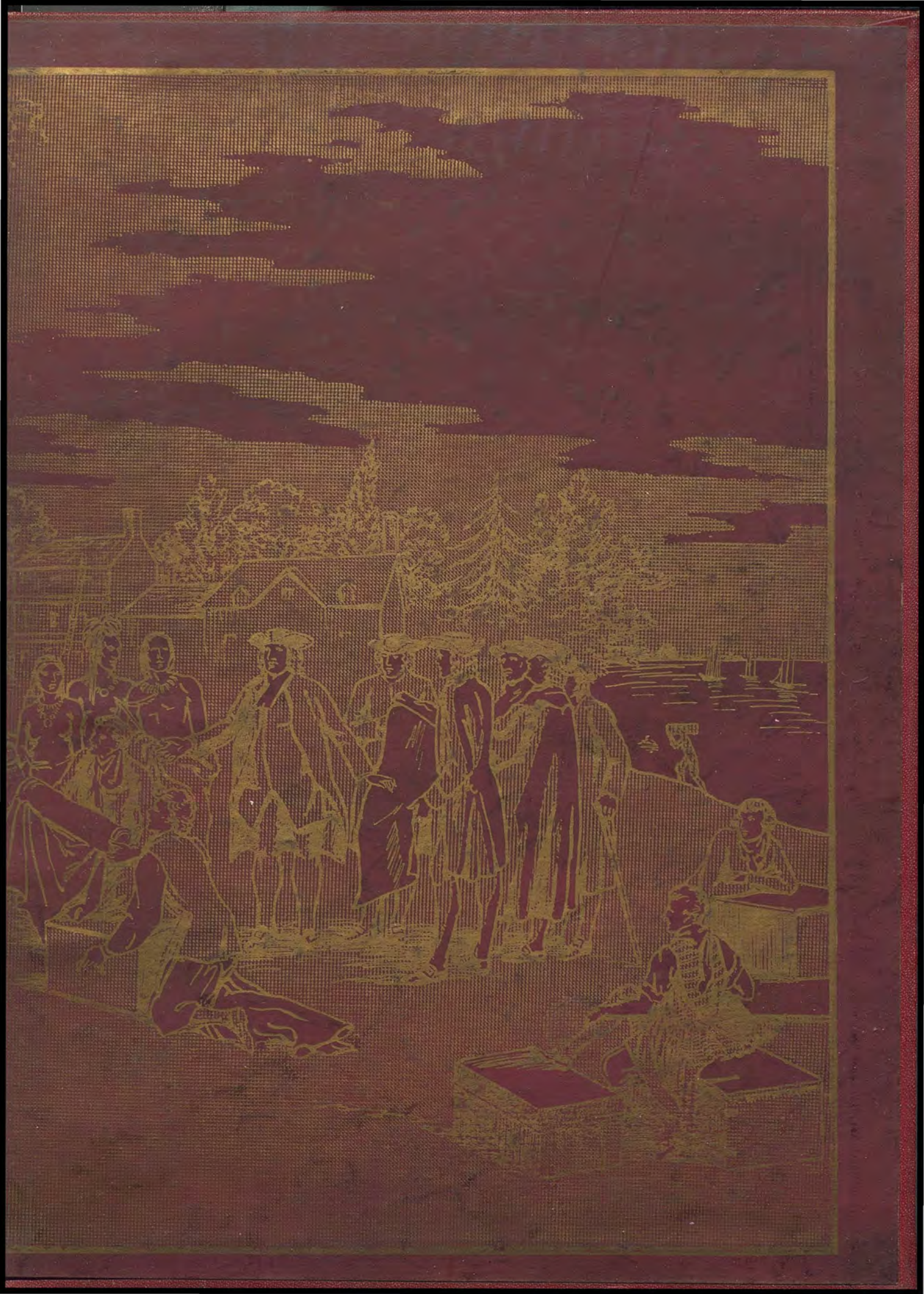
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